





THE
BRITISH JESTER;

a Collection of
*Bon Mots, Witty Stories,
and Anecdotes;*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
Humorous Poetry,

AND
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

"Now we tell the jocund Tale."



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BRITISH TESTIMONY

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TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

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Advertisement.

THE BRITISH JESTER, intended as a companion to the SYREN, (a collection of Songs), has been carefully compiled from the most respectable sources of Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. &c. which upon examination will, it is hoped, prove equally deserving that favour which its companion has so liberally experienced.— Every care has been taken to exclude any thing bordering on indelicacy, so that it may claim a preference to most collections of the kind to the countenance of the Fair Sex. The addition of Humourous Poetry, and Toasts and Sentiments, to this collection, will, we doubt not, be an arrangement acceptable to every purchaser of this little Volume; and as it is intended to make it an Annual Publication, whatever may appear in the course of the ensuing year may be expected in the next Volume.

THE FIRST PART OF THE INTRODUCTION
is contained in the first chapter, in which
the author discusses the various
theories of the origin of the
universe, and the different
views of the origin of life.
The second part of the
introduction is contained in
the second chapter, in which
the author discusses the
various theories of the
origin of the human race,
and the different views of
the origin of the human
mind.

THE
BRITISH JESTER.

MR. Hare, formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox; and, like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the married Israelites. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door, for admittance. 'Pray, Gentlemen,' says he, 'are you Fox hunting or Hare hunting, this morning?'

King Charles II. asked Stillingfleet, how it came about, that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed he always preached without book elsewhere?—He told the King, that the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a Prince, made him afraid to trust himself. With which answer the King was very well contented. 'But pray,' says Stillingfleet, 'will your Majesty give me leave

‘to ask you a question too: Why you read your
 ‘speeches, when you have none of the same
 ‘reasons?’—‘Why, truly, Doctor,’ says the
 King, ‘your question is a very pertinent one,
 ‘and so will be my answer: *I have asked them so
 ‘often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed
 ‘to look them in the face.*’

At the battle of Malplaquet, a ludicrous circumstance happened.—A young Swiss recruit, when his regimentals were making, had procured a round iron plate, bordered with small holes, which he desired the tailor to fasten on the inside of his coat, above his left breast, to prevent his being shot through the heart. The tailor, being a humorous fellow, fastened it in the seat of his breeches; and the clothes being scarcely on his back when he was ordered to march into the field, having no opportunity to get his awkward mistake rectified before he found himself engaged in battle, and being obliged to fly before the enemy, in endeavouring to get over a thorn-hedge in his way, he unfortunately stuck fast till he was overtaken by a foe, who, on his coming up, gave him a push in the breech with his bayonet (with no friendly design); but it luckily hit on the iron plate, and pushed the young soldier clear out of the hedge. This favourable circumstance made the Swiss honestly confess, that the tailor had more sense than himself, and knew better where his *heart* laid.

It is remarkable, that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath, was, 'God mend me!' One day, in a dispute with a hackney-coachman, he used that expression.—'Mend you!' said the coachman, 'it would not be half the trouble to make a new one.'

Leon being asked in what city it was best to live, answered, 'In that where none are very rich nor very poor, and where justice is strong and injustice weak.'

A Spartan old man being asked why he wore his beard so long, answered, 'That, seeing my grey hairs, I may do nothing unworthy of them.'

A dancer saying to a Spartan, 'You cannot stand so long on one leg as I can;' 'True,' answered the Spartan, 'but any goose can.'

A sailor, coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued, and the tar took the robber. Meeting some people, they persuaded him to bear away with his prize to a justice of peace, at Woolwich, which the tar did. When the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said, he must take his oath that the robber put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit him. The sailor, looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, 'He, d—n him. he put me in bodily fear! No, nor any he that ever lived; therefore, if that is the case, you may

‘let him go, for d—n me if I swear to any such a lie.’

A gentleman who possesses a small estate in Gloucestershire, was allured to town by the promises of the Duke of Newcastle, who for many months kept him in constant attendance, until, the poor man’s patience being quite exhausted, he one morning called upon his patron, and told him, that he had, at length, got a *place*. The Duke very cordially shook him by the hand, and congratulated him on his good fortune; ‘but pray, Sir,’ added he, ‘*where* is your *place*?’ — ‘In the *Gloucester coach*,’ replied the Gentleman, ‘I secured it last night; and you, Sir, have cured me of higher ambition.’

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger?—‘O yes;’ replied the sailor, ‘if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in Heaven before twelve o’clock to-night.’ The chaplain, terrified at the expression, cried out, ‘O! *God forbid*.’

The night succeeding Queen Anne’s coronation, or rather the morning, her Majesty turned to the Prince, her husband, with a smile, ‘George, will you go to rest?’ The Prince, joyous with his company on that most joyous occasion, replied, in the same strain, ‘No, Madam; how dare I go to bed to my Sovereign?’ ‘I am now only your subject, and, like other subjects, am under the command of my Prince.’

‘—‘ Why, then, George, I command you to
‘ come to bed.’

A learned judge was about to try a prisoner for a rape, and observed the ladies seemed very unwilling to leave the court; upon which he acquainted them of the impropriety of their presence: some of them had, indeed, the decency to retire, others staid. He again expostulated with them on the indecency of staying, but without effect. When the facetious Mr. S— (the judge’s clerk) told his Lordship he might proceed on the business, as *all the modest ladies* were gone. This smart repartee had the desired effect, and they all retired immediately.

A tragedy presented in one of the theatres being opened by a princess, declaring her rank, added, ‘ Hither, from Arabia, am I come.’—A gentleman in the pit exclaimed, ‘ Then, pray, ‘ sit down, for your Highness must certainly be ‘ tired.’ This witty observation put a stop to the performance.

An instance of the sublime benevolence of the Great Frederic of Prussia—One day, at the *Caffè*, when the King was in the midst of a most interesting conversation, he observed old Lord Marechal of Scotland, who had been sick, fallen asleep on a sofa in a corner of the room. The King immediately beckoned to the court for silence; and, treading softly towards Lord Marechal, and taking out his pocket handkerchief, he threw it gently over the old man’s

head, and retired into another apartment; where he took up the conversation just where it had been interrupted.

Philip of Macedon, being on the Spartan frontier, wrote to the city, to ask if he should come as a friend or an enemy? The laconic answer was, '*Neither.*'

A fashionable young lady, at the west end of the town, being lately censured by her duenna for going out *alone*, 'Why, Madam,' replied the sprightly wit, 'don't you know that the *convoy-duty* is taken off?'

Two Irishmen coming to London from St. Alban's, one of them asked a man that was at work by the side of a road, how many miles it was to London? to which he replied, 'Twenty.' One of the Irishmen said, 'We shall not reach London to-night.'—'Pho!' said the other, 'come along, *it is but ten miles a piece.*'

A puritan coming to a cheesemonger's shop to buy cheese, when he gave him one to taste, put his hat before his eyes, to say grace.—'Nay,' said the cheesemonger (taking it away), 'instead of tasting, I am afraid you intend to *make a meal.*'

The magistrate of a little village in the marquisate of Brandenburg committed a burgher to prison who was charged with having blasphemed God, the king, and the magistrate. The burgomaster reported the same to the king,

to know what punishment such a criminal deserved. The following sentence was written by his Majesty in the margin of the report: ‘ That the prisoner has blasphemed God, is a sure proof that he does not know him; that he has blasphemed me, I willingly forgive; but for his blaspheming the magistrate, he shall be punished in an exemplary manner, and committed to Spandau for *half an hour*. ’

It was allowed at Sparta, in order to sharpen the boys, that they might steal, if so ingeniously as to escape detection; but if detected, infamy followed. A boy having stolen a live fox, hid it under his clothes; and, rather than be detected, allowed the ferocious animal to eat into his bowels. Being at the point of death, his comrades said, ‘ It would have been better to have been discovered than suffer thus. — ‘ No,’ answered he, ‘ what pain is equal to that of infamy?’

Some Irish labourers having lately dug a pit in the Foundling Fields, one of them fell into it; when another immediately procured a cord, and letting it down with a slip knot, got it round his countryman’s *neck*, and pulled him up, nearly *strangled*!

At Hampstead assembly, an Irish gentleman, who danced with great spirit, though not, perhaps, with all the grace of a Vestris, was observed by a maccaroni, who immediately began mimicking him in the most extravagant man-

ner. The Irishman took no notice for some time, but seeing himself the general object of laughter, came very deliberately up to the mimic, and asked, why he presumed to take him off?—‘You, Sir!’ said the other, ‘you mistake the matter, it is my *natural* way of dancing.’—‘Is it?’ said the Hibernian, seemingly accepting the excuse, ‘well, to be sure, nobody can help what is natural: but hark ye, my Friend, be sure you continue in that *natural* step all night; for, by G—d, if you once attempt to make it *artificial*, I will break every bone in your skin.’

Charles XII. of Sweden, when he dethroned King Augustus, was advised by Count Piper to annex Poland to his dominions as a fair conquest, and to make the people Lutherans. To repair his losses, to enlarge his kingdom, to extend his religion, and to avenge himself of the Pope, made him balance a little. But reflecting on his declaration to the Polish malecontents, that his purpose was only to dethrone Augustus in order to make way for a king of their own nation, ‘I reject a kingdom,’ said he, ‘that I cannot keep without a breach of promise.’ Upon this occasion, it is more honourable to bestow a crown than to retain it.’

Socrates, upon being admonished that he had prepared too frugal a dinner for some guests, answered, ‘If they be good men there is enough; if not, there is more than enough.’

A prisoner having been sentenced to be transported, 'So much the better,' said he, when he heard the sentence, 'I always longed to *see the world.*'

Philip of Macedon being advised to banish a man who had railed at him, 'Let us first see,' said he, 'whether I have not given him occasion;' and understanding that this man had done him services without receiving any reward, he gave him a considerable gratuity.

Whilst the immortal Garrick was one night performing the part of Hamlet (a character in which that inimitable actor displayed an exquisite knowledge of nature), and when he was now arrived at one of the most affecting scenes in that tragedy,—the audience all mute attention,—when even a pin might have been heard falling to the ground,—all at once, to the astonishment of the spectators, Garrick was seen to burst out into a violent fit of laughter, and run suddenly off the stage. In a moment all the players followed his example. The audience, amazed at the strangeness of this conduct, cast their eyes around every corner of the house, when they immediately discovered the cause of Garrick's merriment: a jolly, round-faced butcher was seated in the front of one of the higher boxes, wiping his bald pate, from which the sweat flowed in copious streams. His sagacious *maskiff*, no doubt, eager to enjoy, as well as his master, the admirable performance

of the prince of tragedians, had placed his forefeet upon the front of the butcher's box, and was looking eagerly down upon the stage, his grave phiz dignified by his master's *full-bottomed wig*. The audience found it impossible to retain their gravity at this ludicrous sight: the loudest peals of laughter burst from the pit, the boxes, and the galleries; and it was a great while ere the performers could again resume that gravity necessary for performing a tragedy so deeply interesting.

A parson, thinking to banter an honest Quaker, asked him, where his religion was before George Fox's time? 'Where thine was,' said the Quaker, 'before Harry Tudor's time; and now thou hast been so free with *me*,' added the Quaker, 'pr'y-thee let me ask *thee* a question—Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? Canst thou tell that?' 'No,' said the parson, 'nor you neither, I believe.' 'Yes, I can,' replied the Quaker, 'he was going into his eleventh year. Was he not?'

A master had taught a youth to wrestle; who, proud of his acquired skill, and possess'd of more strength than his master, wished to acquire fame at his expence, and challenged him to wrestle before the court. The master, by one trick which he had not taught the youth, threw him at once; and the youth complaining that he had not taught him all his art, the master said, 'No, I always provide against ingratitude.'

The Princess Amelia once observing a very tall officer come into the rooms at Bath, asked who he was; and being told, that though now in the army, he was originally intended for the church; 'For the *steeple* rather,' said she.

The most wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters, is the following: Milton, that glory of British literature, received not above ten pounds at two different payments for the copy of 'Paradise Lost;' yet Mr. Hoyle, author of a treatise on the game of whist, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to the bookseller for 200 guineas.

A sailor and two of his shipmates once wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield; when one, staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery-stables, the ostler brought him out a short-backed, light Gallop-way, about fourteen hands high. 'Zounds!' said Jack, 'this will not do for me; he is too short in the back.' 'O! Sir,' replied the ostler, 'he is the better for that.' 'D—n him, he will not do, I tell you; get me a horse with a longer back, for *I have two more to take up at the turnpike.*'

Vertot reports of Mahomet the Great, that though he had conquered two empires, twelve kingdoms, and about three hundred cities; yet these were so far from satisfying his ambition, that towards the close of his life he was deeply

engaged in new enterprises. This is vouched by the inscription he ordered to be engraved upon his tomb, which, without the least hint of his former victories, is as follows: 'My ambition was the conquest of Rhodes and of proud Italy.' None of our passions are so oppressive and tyrannical as ambition and avarice. They know no end, and are never to be satisfied.

A sage seeing a strong man in a passion, asked the cause, and being told that it was on account of an affronting word, he exclaimed, 'O! strong man with a weak mind; who could bear an elephant's load, yet cannot bear a word.'

When Sir Elijah Impey was on his passage from India, as he was one day walking the deck, it having blowed pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he asked one of the sailors what it was? 'Why,' replied the tar, 'I don't know by what name they know them ashore, but here we call 'em *sea lawyers*.'

When Lieutenant O'Brien, who was always called *Sky-Rocket Jack*, was blown up at Spithead in the *Edgar*, he was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with pleasantry, 'I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself.'

Edmund Burke and the Hon. Charles Fox, supping one evening at the Thatched House, were served with dishes more elegant than useful. Charles's appetite happening to be rather keen, he by no means relished the kickshaws before him; and addressing the orator, 'By 'G—d, Burke,' said he, 'these dishes are admirably calculated for your palate, they are both *sublime and beautiful*.'

A farmer, particularly sanguine in politics and patriotism, lately reproaching one of his country Members for his silence in the House, received the following very pertinent reply: 'My good friend, I still do my duty, for it is absolutely necessary that among so many *speakers* there should be a few *hearers*.'

When the illustrious Alfred, King of Britain, was repulsed by an army superior to his own, he was obliged to submit to the wretched necessity of the times. Accordingly, he assumed a disguise the most likely to conceal him; and having properly disposed of his family, and settled a method of communication with some trusty friends, he engaged himself in the serve of his own cow-herd. The wife of the herdsman was ignorant of the rank of her royal guest, and, seeing him busy by the fire-side in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes that were baking at the fire, while she was employed in some other domestic affairs: but Alfred, whose thoughts were other-

wife engaged, forgot the cakes; and the woman, on her return, finding them burnt, chid the King very severely, telling him, that he was always willing enough to eat her hot cakes, though he was negligent in turning them. The patient Prince entreated her pardon, and promised to be more careful for the future.

A Quaker being examined by a judicious counsel, as he was retiring, another counsel on the same side asked him a question which he did not like to answer. 'I have told all I know to the counsel,' said the Quaker. 'I am counsel also,' answered the barrister. 'Thou mayst be counsel *also*,' replied the Quaker, 'but thou art not counsel *like-wise*.'

A poor monk went one day into a barber's shop in Paris, and requested to be shaved, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, (i. e.) for the love of God. The barber, not being one of those who love to sacrifice two-pence to an act of piety, treated the poor monk with a blunt razor, and water scarcely warm. Under these circumstances, it was impossible the operation could be well performed. The barber scratched and cut the poor victim of his avarice, who sat, with tears in his eyes, longing to be set at liberty. In the mean time, a cat and a monkey making a noise together at the other side of the room, the barber called to know what was the matter. 'Oh!' replied the monk, 'it is only the monkey shaving the cat for the love of God.'

Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages? to which he replied, 'No, Sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman.'

An Irishman on board a man of war was desired by his messmate to go down and fetch a can of small beer. Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. 'Arrah! my shoul,' said he, 'and so when I am gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail away and leave me behind.'

A clergyman in the weald of Suffex, taking his morning ride, overtook a poor parishioner's boy, with a small basket containing ruddle, which he was carrying to the next marsh for the shepherd to mark the sheep. He having a dirty lane to go through, the parson humanely bade the boy get up behind him, telling him at the same time he would carry him through the dirt, and as he very seldom came to church he would give him some instruction, adding, between every sentence, 'Mark me well, boy.' 'I will, Sir,' said the boy. The parson continued his advice till having got near the end of the lane, and, consequently, to the finishing of his task, said to the boy, 'Mark me well, do you hear?' 'I can't mark you any more, Sir,' said the boy, 'I have used all the ruddle.'

Lady W—— is celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman, the

son of his Majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room to know who he was: Lady W—— instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard, 'Oh! don't you know him? it is 'young Bible, bound in calf and gilt, but not 'lettered.'

King James I. once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman left his text to declaim against swearing, for which that king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked what connection swearing had with it? He answered, 'Since 'your Majesty came out of *your* way, I could 'do no less than go out of *mine*.'

A company happening to have a doubt concerning the age of the present Lord Chesterfield, an Irish gentleman observed he must be older than they supposed, 'For,' added he, 'his Lordship must have been upwards of one and 'twenty when he *signed* the deed which was 'forged by Dr. Dodd.' All present assented to it.

Young 'Squire Booby, just come from his first term at the university, was willing to give his parents a specimen of his improvement there. 'Father,' said he, 'I can chop logic.'—'Aye,' said his father, 'how is that, Tom?'—'Why,'

said Tom, 'here, d'ye see, Father, are a couple
 'of fowls at table, I can prove they are three
 'fowls.'—'How's that?' quoth the father.—
 'Why, there's one,' said Tom, 'and there's
 'two,' pointing to one dish, 'and one and two
 'make three, Father.'—'Well done,' said the
 father, turning to his wife, 'Tom's a conjuror;
 'you take one fowl, and I'll eat the other, and
 'let Tom have the other for his logic.'

An Irish footman having carried a basket
 of game from his master to a friend, waited a
 considerable time for the customary fee, but
 finding no present appear, scratched his head
 and said, 'Sir, if my master should say, Paddy,
 'what did the gentleman *give you*? what would
 'your honour have me to tell him?'

Humorous question.—When have foxes the
 tooth-ache? *Answer.* When dogs are biting
 them to death.

In a war between the French and Spaniards
 in Flanders, a soldier being ill treated by a ge-
 neral officer, and struck several times with a
 cane, said coolly, that the officer should soon re-
 pent of it. A short time after, the same officer
 commissioned the colonel of the trenches to send
 him out a bold fellow, who for a reward would
 undertake a dangerous piece of work. The
 soldier mentioned offered his service; and tak-
 ing with him thirty of his comrades, performed
 the work with success. The officer highly com-
 mended him, and gave him a hundred pistoles,

the reward promised. The soldier, after distributing them among his comrades, turned to the officer, and said, 'I am, Sir, the soldier you abused fifteen days ago, and I told you that you would repent it.' The officer melted into tears, threw his arms around the soldier's neck, begged his pardon, and gave him a commission that very day.

A young lady at Chichester was playing at 'What is it like?' in company where there was present an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher. She likened the thing thought on to Mrs. Boucher's stick. It proved to be the History of Pamela. 'The History of Pamela,' she said, 'is like Mrs. Boucher's stick, because it is the support of virtue.'

A physician ordered his patient to live *higher*, (*i. e.*) more freely. The poor man mistook the doctor, and removed to the *garret*, where he unfortunately expired before the doctor's next visit.

An archbishop of Strasburgh marching once at the head of a military force, a countryman who met them on the road burst into a violent fit of laughter. 'What do you laugh at, Friend?' said the prelate. 'Why, please your eminence,' replied the fellow, 'I cannot but laugh to see an archbishop, a successor of the peaceable apostles, marching at the head of a train of soldiers.' 'Aye,' returned the other, 'but I do not head these soldiers as an *archbishop*, but as

‘a prince of Strasburgh.’ At this the countryman laughed louder than before; and on being asked the reason, replied. ‘Why, I am thinking, if the *prince* of Strasburgh should chance to go to the Devil, what will become of the *archbishop*.’

One of the clergy of the celebrated Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, congratulating himself, in Fenelon’s presence, for having effected the abolition of the custom of the peasants to dance on Sundays and prayer-days, M. Fenelon replied, ‘Mr. Rector, let us refrain from dancing, but let us permit these poor people to dance: why should we prevent them from forgetting for a moment the extent of their griefs?’

One of the treasurers of Alphonso, King of Arragon, had brought him a thousand ducats. An officer who was there at that time, said in a low voice to somebody, ‘I should ask no more than that sum to be happy.’ ‘*You shall be so,*’ said Alphonso, who had heard him, and he ordered the thousand ducats to be given to him directly.

Fountaine, the lawyer, and Sam Foote, once dining together at the Castle at Richmond, had a goose; and in picking the bones the lawyer had so greased his mazzard, that the comedian rang the bell, and on the waiter appearing, desired to know who had the kitchen stuff? ‘The scullion, Sir,’ was the reply; ‘Why, then,’ added Foote, ‘send her up this moment with

‘a wet dish-clout, to wipe this gentleman’s face, or, by G—d, she will lose half her perquisites.’

In an advertisement for a young gentleman who lately left his parents, it is stated, that, ‘if Master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents, he shall no more be put upon by his sister, *and he shall be allowed to sweeten his own tea.*’

‘How are you this morning?’ said a wag to a lawyer. ‘Why, *not at all myself,*’ replied Latitat. ‘Then, I heartily congratulate you,’ said the wag; ‘for be whoever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain.’

A farmer who had a very great name in the county of Kent for his dexterity in manly exercises, such as wrestling, throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himself many obligations to try his skill with such as came far and near to challenge him. Among the rest, a conceited fellow rode a great way to visit this champion; and being told, that he was in his ground behind the house, he alighted, and walked with his horse in his hand till he came where he found him at work; so, hanging his horse upon the pales, he told him, that having heard much of his prowess, he was come forty miles to try a fall with him. The champion replied by closing with him, and pitched him clear over the pales; and then, with great unconcern, took up his spade, and fell to work again: the fellow

getting upon his legs again as nimbly as he could. 'Well,' said the champion, 'have you any thing more to say to me?' 'No, no,' replied the man, 'I only desire you would be so kind as to *throw my horse after me.*'

'Wherefore have you painted Lewis XI. as a tyrant?' asked Lewis XIV. at Mezerai.— 'Wherefore was he one?' answered the intrepid historian.

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were More, Strange, and Wright; said the last, 'There is but one cuckold in company, and that's *Strange!*' 'Yes,' answered Strange, 'there is one *More.*' 'Ay,' said More, 'that's *Wright.*'

A proud parson and his man riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock; and having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat. 'The same,' said the shepherd, 'that clothed you, the parish.' The parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. 'Why, are you going away then?' said the shepherd. 'No,' answered the other. 'Then, you may tell your master,' replied the shepherd, 'his living cannot maintain three of us.'

A captain of dragoons, during the late rebellion in Ireland, contrived, by forced marches with his troop, to secure an important pass on the road, to which the rebels were approaching. 'There, my lads,' said he to his men, 'I told you we should *first at last*, though we were *last at first*.'

Theophilus Cibber was very extravagant: he one day asked his father for a hundred pounds. 'Zounds! Sir,' said Colly, 'can't you live upon your salary? When I was your age I never spent any of *my father's* money.'—'But I am sure, Sir, you have spent a great many hundred pounds of *my father's* money,' replied the young man. This retort had it's effect.

A watchman, in going his round, a few mornings since, was sadly perplexed to find a proper character for the weather, for he was assaulted by hail, rain, and snow, at the same time; he therefore made the following sensible proclamation: 'Past four o'clock, and a *queer* morning.'

'Sancho,' said a dying planter to his slave, 'for your faithful services, I mean to do you an *honour*; and I will leave it in my will, that you shall be *buried in our family ground*.'—'Ah! Massa,' replied Sancho, 'Sancho no good be buried, Sancho rather have de money or de freedom. Besides, if Old Nick come in de dark to look for you, Massa, he may make de mistake, and take away de poor negro man.'

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, if she spoke one more crooked word, he would beat her brains out. 'Why, then, ram's horns, you dog,' said she, 'if I die for it.'

Anger may sometimes make dull men witty,—but it keeps them poor. Queen Elizabeth, seeing a disappointed courtier walking in melancholy sort in one of her gardens, asked him,—'What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?' 'Of a woman's promises!' was the reply, to which the Queen returned, 'I must not confute you, Sir Edward.'

The Dutchess of York being in want of a laundress, desired the housekeeper to look out for some person to fill that situation. A decent looking woman was accordingly recommended; but the housekeeper objected to her; and, in the duke's presence, observed, *that she was a soldier's wife*, and that these people were generally bad characters. 'What's that you say, madam, (replied the duke) *a soldier's wife!* pray, *what is your mistress?*—Engage the woman *this instant.*'

The reasons which people give for their conduct is curious. Three gentlemen being in a coffee house, one called for a dram, *because he was hot*: 'Bring me another,' says his companion, '*because I am cold.*' The third, who sat by and heard them, very quietly called out, 'here boy, bring me a glass, *because I like it.*'

A gentleman telling a very strange and improbable story, and observing one of the company cast a doubtful eye, 'Zounds, Sir,' says he, 'I saw the thing happen.' If you did,' says the gentleman, 'I *must* believe it; but by G—d I would not have believed it if I had seen it myself.'

A gentleman having a pad that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his *wife* to ride upon. 'No,' says the other, 'no,—I will not sell the little fellow, *because* I intend to marry again myself.'

A sick gentleman having sent for his physician, he asked him several times where his disorder lay: Upon which the wife answered, she believed in his *head*. To which he replied, *she was right*, for he had had a pain there *ever since she had laid all night at a neighbour's house*.

An *advertising* surgeon having lately couched a cataract, and restored the sight of a poor woman, observed in her case what he deemed a phenomenon in optics; on which he called together his *professional brethren*, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them, that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored, that she could see to thread the *smallest needle*; but that when he presented her with a book, she was not capable of *distinguishing one letter from another*! This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present,

and various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker from every explanation; when, at length, by a question put by the servant who attended, it was discovered, *that the woman had never learnt to read.*

A linen-draper advertizing his stock to be sold under *prime cost*, a neighbour of his observed that it was impossible to sell it under prime cost, *for he had never paid a farthing for it himself.*

An English gentleman travelling through the county of Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water being more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever *lost* in the passage. 'Never,' replied Terence, 'my brother was *drowned* here last week, but we *found* him again the next day.'

A gentleman walking through Covent Garden observed two fellows upon the ground, and one of them with his knee upon the other's breast, most unmercifully belabouring him on the face. The gentleman humanely interfered, and entreated the conqueror to give his opponent fair play, and let him get up and have an equal chance. 'Faith, Master,' replied the fellow, turning up his face with a very significant look, 'if you had been at as much trouble to *get him down* as I have, you would not be for letting him *get up* so readily.'

An Irish servant enquiring for a Lieutenant Pallas, among other descriptions, added, that he was either *nephew* or *niece* to Colonel Wilkinfon, he could not tell which.

The following curious item appeared in a bill delivered to the treasurer of a soup society, by a *Caledonian* bricklayer: 'For *banging a cooper* to 'make soup for the poor people, 15s. 6d.'

A man walking through Cheapside was met by an old boon companion, who very loudly accosted him with, 'How do, *stupid*?' 'Pretty well, thank you, *namesake*,' replied the other.

Henry IV. being given to the love of other women besides his queen, was sharply reprov'd by a rich abbot, his confessor. The king seem'd to take the rebuke well; and invited him that day to dine with him, where the abbot fed very heartily upon a dish of roasted partridges. His Majesty observing this, asked why he did not eat of some other dishes, which he thought better. The abbot told the king, nothing could be better to him than roasted partridges, for it was his beloved dish above all others. The next day the king caus'd the abbot to be arrested, and committed close prisoner to the Bastile; with a strict command to the keeper to let him have no meat but roasted partridges; which at first pleas'd the abbot, but having no other diet for a week together, he began to nauseate it. At the week's end the king sent for him, under pretence of examining him; and having urg'd to him a

confession of the treason he charged him with, the abbot pleaded his innocence, and confessed nothing. 'Well,' said the king, 'since you are so obstinate, you must e'en go to prison again:' to which the abbot replied, 'I do beseech your Majesty, if I must be confined, that I may be ordered some other diet.' 'Why, what diet have you had?' said the king. 'Nothing,' answered the abbot, 'but partridges.' 'Why,' said his Majesty, 'you told me that was the diet you loved best.' 'Tis true,' said the abbot, 'but always partridges! I now *loatb* them, and beg other food.' 'Very well,' replied the king, 'it is just so with me. I love my queen above all women in the world, but *always the queen, always the queen!*—this is too tiresome, and makes me sometimes desire *change of diet*, as well as you do.' So, laughing at the abbot, he set him at liberty.

A gentleman standing by the side of a rapid river asked a country fellow what they called that river. 'There's no need of *calling* o'un,' an please your honour,' said the man, 'he comes fast enow without calling.'

'How does your newly-purchased horse *answer?*' said the late Duke of Cumberland to George Selwyn. 'I really don't know,' replied George, 'for I never asked him a question.'

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very punctual at the hour of dinner. One day, on his not appearing precisely at the dinner-hour, his wife entered his study, and found him still reading. 'I wish, my love,' said the lady, 'that I was a book.' 'Why so?' replied the professor. 'Because you would then be constant to me.' 'I should have no objection,' rejoined the professor, 'provided you were an *almanack*.' 'Why an *almanack*, my Dear?' 'Because I should then have a *new one* every year.'

A man being tried before Lord Kenyon, at an assizes, for stealing a silver ladle, and in the course of the evidence the counsel for the crown was rather severe upon the prisoner for being an attorney. 'Come, come, said his Lordship, in a whisper to the counsellor, 'don't exaggerate matters. If the fellow had been an *attorney*, 'you may depend upon it he would have stolen the *bowl* as well as the *ladle*.'

General Coote, when serving in India, was addressed by one of his aid-de-camps, who observed, that Sir Eyre endangered his health by exposing himself too much to the sun. 'Tut! tut!' exclaimed the veteran, 'the sun has no more effect on me than on a deal board.' 'Aye, but, Sir,' rejoined the aid-de-camp, 'you should recollect it is not the first *old board* that the sun has split.'

A very young officer striking an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in per-

forming his evolutions, was unable to reach any higher than his leg. The grenadier, upon this infantile assault, gravely took off his cap, and holding it over the officer by the tip, said, 'Sir, 'if you were not my officer, I would *extinguish* you.'

An honest tar hired a horse to carry him a few miles, but before he had gone many yards, he found he possessed the usual *excellencies* of the unfortunate four-footed hirelings of the road, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. &c. The sailor, however, having been unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on its knees, hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several miles, swearing, 'shiver his timbers, but it was the 'only thing to prevent the ship going too much 'a-head.'

A legal gentleman of the Temple, who, for a considerable time paid his addresses to the daughter of a bookseller in Holborn, was some days ago forbidden the house; on which he immediately sent in a bill of 91l. 13s. 4d. for two hundred and seventy-five attendances, advising on family affairs, &c.

A tanner having invited a supervisor to dine with him, after pushing the bottle about pretty freely, the supervisor took leave; but in crossing the tan-yard, he unfortunately fell into a vat,

and called loudly for the tanner's assistance, but in vain; 'For,' said the tanner, 'if I draw a *bide* without giving twelve hours notice, I shall be exchequered; but I will go and inform the exciseman.' The poor man would have perished, had not a person accidentally come to his relief.

A gentleman hearing of the death of another, 'I thought,' said he to a person in company, 'you told me that Tom Wilson's fever was gone off?' 'O! yes,' replied the other, 'but I forgot to mention that he was *gone off* along it.'

A gentleman at Brighton once asking a fisherman if the Prince of Wales ever went to church, was answered, 'Lord bless your Honour, what should *be* go to church for? We poor souls are obliged to pray for *ourselves*, but there are *parsons* enough to pray for *him*.'

At Worcester there was an ideot who was employed at the cathedral in blowing the organ. A remarkable fine anthem being performed one day, the organ-blower, when all was over, said, 'I think we have performed mightily well to-day.' '*We* performed!' answered the organist; 'I think 'twas I performed, or I am much mistaken.' Shortly after, another celebrated piece of music was to be played. In the middle of the anthem the organ stopt all at once. The organist cried out in a passion, 'Why don't you blow?' The fellow, on that,

popped out his head from behind the organ, and said, 'Shall it be *we* then?'

A little boy being much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman present observed, that when children were keen in their youth, they were generally stupid and dull when they advanced in years, and *vice versa*. 'What a *very sensible boy*, Sir, must *you* have been,' returned the child.

A poor parson complaining of the unequal salaries which were paid to bishops and curates, a Quaker who was present observed, that it was just the same in ancient times; 'For,' added he, 'thou knowest we are told, that while the *oxen were ploughing* in the field, the *asses were grazing* by the side of them.'

A schoolmaster hearing one of his scholars read, the boy, when he came to the word Honour, pronounced it full; the master told him it should be pronounced without the H, as thus, *onour*. 'Very well, Sir,' replied the lad, 'I will remember for the future.' 'Ay,' said his master, 'always drop the H.' The next morning his master's tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk; but the duties of his avocation made him wait till it was cold: when, speaking to the same boy, he told him to take it to the fire, and *beat* it. 'Yes, Sir,' replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire, *eat* it. Presently the master called for his muffin. 'I have *eat* it, as you bid me,' said the boy. 'Eat it,

'you scoundrel? I bid you take it to the fire, and heat it.' 'But, Sir,' answered the lad, 'yesterday you told me always to drop the H.'

A bailiff, clapping a man on the shoulder, said, 'I arrest you, Sir, for a *horse*.' 'Why, fellow,' replied the man, 'how can you be such a fool? Look at me again, what likeness can you see between me and a horse? I'll shew you a horse's trick, however.' Then, giving him a sudden kick, and a well-applied blow, left him in the kennel, and ran off.

A Frenchman, being taken prisoner by the Algerines, was asked, what he could do as a slave? His answer was, he had been used to a *sedentary* employment. 'Well, then,' said the pirates, 'we will put you on a pair of *feather* bretches, and make you *batch chickens*.'

The following circumstance is an instance of the whimsical eccentricity which distinguished the character of the late Duke of Montague. His Grace, one evening, accompanied by a few very facetious friends, took a hackney coach, and ordered the man to drive to the back of St. Clement's. When they were arrived there, the Duke got out and walked round the coach to the other door, and was, in consequence of a concerted plan, followed by his friends: they entered the coach on the opposite side to where the man stood, and passed through the coach one after another eighteen times, to the astonishment of the coachman, who ran into the first

public house he saw, and, in the utmost fright, declared he had been carrying a *legion of devils*, for he had counted eighteen of them, and they were coming out still!

A country carpenter having neglected making a gibbet (which was ordered by the executioner), on the ground that he had not been paid for the last he had erected, gave so much offence, that the next time the judge came the circuit he was sent for. 'Fellow,' said the judge, in a stern tone, 'how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?' 'I humbly beg your pardon,' said the carpenter, '*bad I known it had been for your Lordship*, it should have been done immediately.'

A certain field-preacher, in explaining to his congregation the nature of Hell, told them he had lived there *eleven months*. 'It is a great pity,' said one of his hearers, 'that you did not stay there a month longer, for then you would have gained a *legal settlement*.'

A fashionable emigrant was invited on Michaelmas Day last to dine with an alderman in the city, in whose hands he had lodged money, and was for a long time tormented with the extravagant encomiums on a *giblet pie* which his host was most voraciously devouring. 'Have you ever, Mounseer,' said Mr. Greenfat, 'have you ever seen any thing like it?' 'Nothing in my life,' replied the other, 'except your *Worship's wig*.' 'Ha! ha!' exclaims the alder-

man, 'that's a *good one*. But, pray, how is 'my wig like that *pie*?' 'Par Dieu,' rejoined the Frenchman, 'because it has a *goose's head* in it.'

A gentleman looking over his lawyer's bill, objected to some of the items, particularly the *charge of three shillings and fourpence for going to Southwark*, 'where,' said he, 'none of my business ever lay: pray, what does it mean?' 'O! Sir,' replied Latitat, 'it is for fetching the turkey and chine that you sent me out of the country, from the carrier's.'

A gentleman who has the honour to be engraver to his Majesty, disposed of two daughters in marriage, giving with the eldest fifteen hundred pounds, and with the other a thousand. Upon being asked, by a particular friend, why he made so great a difference between them, '*First impressions*,' replied he, '*are always most valuable*.'

Three ladies meeting on a visit, a grocer's wife, a cheesemonger's, and a tobacconist's, who, perhaps, stood more upon the punctilios of precedence than some of their betters; when they were taking leave, the cheesemonger's wife was going out of the room first, upon which the grocer's lady, pulling her back by the tail of her gown, and stepping before her, 'No, Madam,' said she, 'nothing comes after cheese.' 'I beg your pardon, Madam,' replied the cheesemonger's wife, putting the tobacconist's lady

back, who was also stepping before her, 'after
cheese comes tobacco.'

Copied from a Cheshire finger-post.—'This
is the road to Tarwin, this is the way to Chesh-
ter, this goes no where. N. B. If you can-
not read, ax at the blacksmith's shop.'

A bricklayer's labourer being at work on the
roof of the chapel at Westminster Abbey, while
the choristers were chaunting their vespers,
asked his master what all that noise was about?
'Why,' replied the master, 'they are saying
'their prayers.' 'The deuce! they are,' re-
turned the fellow, 'it's in a queer way, though.'
'You would think it strange if I should *sing* to
'you now,

'O! *Jonathan Howell,*

'*Pray lend me your trowel!*

'instead of *saying*, Master, be pleased to lend me
'your trowel.'

Dr. Franklin, when a child, found the long
graces used by his father very disagreeable. One
day, after the winter's provisions had been
salted, 'I think, father,' said Benjamin, 'if
'you said grace over the whole cask, *once for all*,
'it would be a vast saving of time.'

A gentleman who happened to sit in company
with Foote at the Smyrna coffee-house, took up a
newspaper, saying he wanted to see what the
Ministry were about. Foote, with a smile, said,
'*Look among the robberies.*'

A linen-draper advertizing his stock to be sold *under prime cost*, a neighbour of his observed, that it was impossible to sell it under prime cost, *for he had never paid a farthing for it himself.*

Tom Burn happening to be at dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, after two or three healths, the Ministry were toasted; but when it came to Tom's turn to drink, he diverted it for some time by telling a story to a person who sat next him. The chief magistrate of the city, not seeing his toast go round, called out, 'Gentlemen, where sticks the Ministry?' '*At nothing,*' said Tom, and so drank off his glass.

A gentleman who had an Irish servant having stopped at an inn for several days, desired, previous to his departure, to have a bill; which being brought, he found a large quantity of port placed to his servant's account, and questioned him about having had so many bottles of wine. 'Please your Honour,' cried Pat, 'to read how many they charge me.' The gentleman began, 'One bottle *Port*, one *ditto*, one *ditto*, one *ditto*.' 'Stop, stop, stop, Master,' exclaimed Paddy, 'they are cheating you. I know I had some bottles of their *Port*, but, by St. Patrick, I did not taste a drop of their *ditto*.'

A gentleman who was very morose and ill-natured in his own family, but extremely facetious and entertaining when in company, was

once the subject of conversation in a small party where his wife was present. 'Indeed, Madam,' said a lady who addressed her, 'I almost envy you your husband; so cheerful, so lively, so brilliant, he is quite the *fiddle* of every company he goes into.' 'Perhaps so,' replied the wife with a sigh, 'but when he comes home, he always *bangs his fiddle* up with his hat.'

'Sir,' said a buck of the first order to a clown, 'how dare you talk to me? I'd have you to know, I am a man of consequence in the country, I am well known in the parish, and besides that I am a gentleman born.' 'O! yes, for that matter,' replied the boor, 'I know your name very well, you have five *p's* in it.' 'What do you mean by that, you *clodhopper*?' 'Why, Sir, I'll tell you; you are a *poor, prodigal, pitiful, proud puppy*.'

A poor player having lent a trifle to one of his companions, spoke to him of it behind the scenes, adding, 'By G—d, Tom, those two guineas I lent you ought to be paid! You know I am in great distress.' 'Do not talk to me about it,' said the other; 'by Heaven, within ten days, I will take care they shall be paid, *in some shape or other*.' 'You will oblige me,' replied the creditor; 'and pray let it be *as much in the shape of two guineas as possible*.'

The editor of a provincial paper observes, that at the present moment the fair sex in this country cultivate the *fine arts* with success.

This is undoubtedly true, it has long been remarked how well some of them can *paint*!

A gentleman having called his servant to assist him in dressing, the latter, who had been employed in some dirty work, came up, all over dust. The master, in a passion, took up a cane, and was going to lay it over the fellow's back; when he cried out, 'Sir, Sir, if you wish to *dust my coat*, I beg you will let me take it off first.'

A counsellor, on cross examining a witness, took occasion to address him with, 'Well, my old Buck, I suppose you are one of those people who do not often go to church.' 'Perhaps,' said the other, 'if the truth were known, I am as often there as you are.' The promptness of the reply caused a laugh, in which the witness very cordially joined. 'What makes you laugh?' said the lawyer. 'Is not every body laughing?' replied the other. 'True,' said the man of law; 'but do you know what they are laughing at?' 'Why, I think in my heart,' rejoined the witness, 'that they take either you or I to be a *fool*, but I do not know which.'

'Mr. R——s, of Stanhope Street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roast chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of Madeira, &c. at his house on Monday night. *In their haste* they took

away the tankard, they are heartily welcome to that ; to the table-spoons, and to the light guineas which were in an old red morocco pocket-book, they are also *heartily welcome* : but in the said pocket-book there were several loose papers, which consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him ; he therefore hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms ; but if any way could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser ; and is, with due respect, theirs,
 &c. W. R.

A packet was a few nights afterwards dropped into the area of his house, containing the books and papers, with this apologetical epistle:—

‘ Sir,

‘ You are quite a *gemman*. Your madery we be’s not used to, and it got into our upper works, or we would niver have cribb’d your papers. They be all marched back agen with the red book. Your ale was mortal good, and the tankard and spoons were made into a *white soup* in Duke’s Place two hours before dey-lite. The old family watch cases were, at the same time, made into a *brown gravy*, and the *guts* are *new ebriethened*, and on their voyage to Holland. If

they had not been *transported*, you should have had 'em agen, for you are quiet a *gemman* ; but you know as they have been christened and got a *new* name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And soe, Sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we be much obligated to you, and shall be glad to sarve and wissit you by nite or by day, and are yours til death.

'A. B. & C.'

A gentleman riding down a steep hill, and fearing the foot of it was unsound, called out to a man that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. 'Aye,' answered the countryman, 'it is hard enough at the bottom, 'I warrant you.' The gentleman, however, had not rode half a dozen yards before the horse sunk up to the saddle-skirts. 'Why, you villain,' said he, calling out to the ditcher, 'did 'not you tell me it was hard at the bottom?' 'Aye,' replied the fellow, '*but you are not half way to the bottom yet.*'

Two Irish porters meeting in a street in Dublin, one addressed the other with, 'Arrah, Darby, my jewel, you're welcome from London. Tell us now, did you see any thing of 'our old friend, Pat Murphy?' 'No, by my 'soul,' said Darby, 'and I am very much afraid 'I shall *never* see him again.' 'How so?' 'Why, 'he has met with a very unfortunate accident 'lately.' 'Arrah, what was it?' asked the other. 'O! faith, nothing more than this: as

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' he was standing on a *plank*, talking devoutly to
 ' a priest, at a place in London called the Old
 ' Bailey, the *plank* suddenly gave way, and poor
 ' Pat got his neck broke.'

Dr. Johnson invented a style of his own, as the best vehicle for strong opinions, and oracular decisions. And though the framer of an artificial language is seldom exact at all times, yet Johnson scarcely ever stepped out of the full period, or betrayed himself by mixing familiar expressions with gigantic phraseology; and if at any time he so far forgot himself, as to speak like any body else, he soon corrected the mistake by translating it into his own language, as in the following instance: in one company he had praised the Rehearsal vehemently; in another somebody ventured to do the same, leaning, perhaps, on his authority. Upon which the Doctor called out, 'Hold, Sir, the Rehearsal ' has not salt enough to keep;' when instantly recollecting himself, he went on, 'I say, Sir, ' the Rehearsal has not saline particles enough ' interspersed in it to preserve it from putrefaction.'

An honest Hibernian having taken a little public house in the vicinity of Wapping, has inscribed in large letters under his sign, '*A good ' ordinary every Sunday in the week.*'

How variously are different people affected by the same subject! A late matrimonial *fracas* being brought on the carpet, at a tea-drinking

party at the west end of the town, 'Poor woman!' said a young lady, with a deep sigh.—'Poor woman! poor woman, indeed! poor man, I think!' replied an old citizen, rather peevishly.—'Vile woman!' cried an old maid.—'We shall have her in the Commons,' said a civilian.—'We shall have her in the papers,' said a politician.—'She should be brought to a white sheet,' said a curate.—'She should be tossed in a blanket,' exclaimed the old maid. 'Mercy upon all!' cried the young one; 'and yet, somehow or other, one cannot suppress a sigh.'—'Somehow or other, one cannot suppress a laugh,' cried the civilian: 'I suppose, in the end, they must be divorced; and our court settles all these differences.'—'The devil settles all these differences!' roared the citizen.—'Most likely he may,' said a country gentleman.

'If you were queen,' said Dean Swift to Mrs. Pilkington, 'if you were queen, what would be your first wish?' 'Your conversation, Mr. Dean,' was the reply.

A profligate young nobleman being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast *Old Nick*. A gentleman who sat next him replied, 'By all means, my Lord; we can have no objection to any of your Lordship's friends.'

An officer being wounded in the knee with a musket-ball, in Egypt, the surgeons made seve-

ral incisions. Losing all patience, at last he asked them why they cut and hacked him so cruelly? 'We are seeking for the ball,' said they. 'Why, the deuce, did you not speak before?' said the officer, '*I have it in my pocket.*'

'Do not send for Dr. S—', said Captain O'Neal, 'do not send for Dr. S—, for he once attended a young officer of our regiment, and, upon my conscience, he stuffed the poor lad so unmercifully with potions and draughts, that he continued *sick a fortnight after he was quite well.*'

An honest country Quaker, who was lately driving a calf to Manchester market, put a flaming cockade upon one side of its head; and being met on the road by a friend, who enquired of him what he was driving before him, the Quaker replied, in his plain country dialect, 'Doesn't thou see, Friend, what I am driving before me? a young recruit, to be sure.' Upon which, the other demanded of him where he was going with him? 'Why, where dost thou think I am going with him,' answered the Quaker, 'but to the butcher's slaughter-house?'

A saw being stolen from the carpenter of an Indiaman, suspicious fell thick upon the captain's negro boy; who, on being taxed with the theft, roundly denied the charge. The captain, however, being in his own mind con-

vinted of his guilt, ordered him a flogging; which being over, blacky determined to watch the carpenter; who, not being satisfied with either the loss of his saw, or the flogging of the boy, said to one of his messmates a few days after, 'D—n this saw, it sticks in my gizzard now.' The poor boy overhearing him, flew with rapture to the captain, and exclaimed, 'O! Massa, Massa, the carpenter find him saw.' 'Where?' demanded the captain. 'O! Massa, him find it this very minute in *him* gizzard.'

When Lord Howe was captain of the *Mag-nanime*, a negro sailor on board was ordered to be flogged: every thing being prepared, and the ship's company assembled to see the punishment inflicted, Captain Howe made a long address to the culprit on the enormity of his offence. Poor Mungo, tired of the harangue, and of having his back exposed to the cold, exclaimed, 'Massa, if you floggee, floggee; or if you preachee, preachee; but no preachee and floggee too.'

In the Limeric paper, an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, cautions the public against trusting her in these words: 'My *wife* has eloped from me without *r*hyme or *r*reason, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, for I am not *married* to her.'

Dialogue between an Irish innkeeper and an Englishman.

Englishman. Holloa, house!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, Sir, please your Honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, Sir, the fair of Mollingar and Ballinaslee are the next week.

Eng. I see. How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, Sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, Sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, Sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter-milk) to Burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, Sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. O! Sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, Sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any foals?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, Sir?

Eng. Psha! Have you any plaice?

Inn. No, Sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see myself.

Inn. And welcome, Sir, I'll fetch you the looking-glass.

A noble lord once asked a clergyman, at the bottom of his table, why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the parson?

'Really, my Lord,' said he, 'I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a *goose* for the future, without thinking of your *Lordship*.'

Anecdote of Fletcher of Salton, related by Lord Hailes.—A footman of his desired to be dismissed. 'Why do you leave me?' said he. 'Because, to say truth, I cannot bear your temper.' 'To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner *on* than it is *off*.' 'Yes,' replied the footman, 'but then it is no sooner *off* than it is *on*.'

An Hibernian officer being once in company with several who belonged to the same corps, one of them, in a laugh, said, he would lay a dozen of claret, that the Irishman made a bull before the evening was over. '*Done*,' said Terence. The wager was laid, and, by way of puzzling him, he was asked how many bulls there were in that town? 'Five,' said he. 'How do you make them out?' said the other. 'Faith,' said he, 'there is the Black Bull in the market-place, and the Red Bull over the way; then there is the Pied Bull just by the bridge, and the White Bull at the corner.'

'They are but four,' said the other. 'Why, arrah,' said he, there is the Dun Cow in the Butcher-row.' 'That's a *bull*,' said the other. 'By Jafus,' said he, 'then I have won my wager, for you have made the *bull*, and not me.'

A gentleman who had been out shooting brought home a small bird with him, and was asked by his servant (an Irishman) if he had shot that little bird? To which he answered, 'Yes.' 'Arrah! by my soul, Sir,' said Pat, 'it was not worth powder and shot; for this little thing would have *died in the fall*.'

When the late Lord Robert Clive was a boy, and once walking with a school-fellow through Drayton market, the two lads stopped to look at a butcher killing a calf. 'Dear me, Bobby,' said the lad, 'I would not be a butcher for all the world.' 'Why, I should not much like it,' said Clive, 'it is a dirty, beggarly business, but I'd a plaguy deal rather be a butcher than a calf.'

Le Marshall d'Ancre's wife was apprehended, imprisoned, and beheaded for a witch, on a surmise that she had enchanted the Queen of France to dote upon her husband. When asked by the judges what spells, what enchantments she had made use of to gain such an influence over the mind of Mary de Medicis, her dignified answer was, 'That ascendancy only which strong minds must always have over weak ones.'

When Dr. Johnson, at Mr. Thrale's table, had one day been enumerating all the qualities necessary for a poem and a poet, Mr. Grierison began a comical parody on the ornamental harangue, giving equal praise to a cook, and preferring a good dinner. 'In this opinion,' said Johnson, 'all the dogs in the town will join you.'

Our sixth Henry once rallying the fatness of a courtier who had served him in many embassies, said, *he looked like an ox*. 'I know not,' said the baron, 'what I am like, but I know that I have often had the honour to represent your Majesty.'

A curate, with no great salary, had a man servant, whom he ordered to go to a butcher, named *David*, for a piece of meat, and then come to the church where he was to preach. The parson, in his sermon, bringing authorities from the scripture in this manner, *Isaiab says thus, Jeremiab says thus*, happening to turn his head towards the door as his servant came in, went on, 'and what says *David*?' Upon which the servant called out, 'He swears to God, that if you do not pay your bill, you need never send to his shop again.'

An Irish soldier pretending dumbness, and the surgeon of the regiment, after several attempts to restore him, declaring him incurable, he was discharged. In a short time afterwards he enlisted in another corps; and being recog-

nised by an old comrade, and questioned how he had learnt to speak, 'By St. Patrick,' replied O'Flanagan, '*ten guineas would make any man speak.*'

When Mr. Pope one dined at Lord Chesterfield's, one of the domestics told his fellow servant, that he should have known Pope was a great poet by his very shape, for it was *in and out* like the lines of a Pindaric ode.

When General Burgoyne was once at a play, which was most miserably enacted, at a barn in Lancashire, he called one of the performers, and asked him what the piece was called. '*The Stage Coach*, Sir,' replied Buskin, bowing very respectfully. 'Why, then,' said the General, returning the bow with the utmost gravity, 'you will greatly oblige me by giving me early notice the next time it is performed, that I may be an *outside passenger.*' 'Very well, Sir,' retorted Buskin, 'you know it is customary to pay the fare on taking a place, I will therefore thank you for *two guineas.*' The General could not forbear laughing, and gave him the money.

Mr. Arthur Lee mentioned some Scots who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered why they should choose it. Johnson. 'Why, Sir, all barrenness is comparative. The *Scotch* would not know it to be barren.' Boswell. 'Come, come, he is flatterer the English. You have been in Scot-

‘land; say if you did not see meat and drink enough there.’ *Johnson.* ‘Why yes, Sir, meat and drink enough to give the inhabitants sufficient strength to run away from home.’

Such is the rage for psalmody at the Tabernacle and some other places of worship, that *psalm-singing lozenges* are sold in Blackfriars road; and a zealous brother, who was, on a very cold evening, discovered sitting on the steps at Westminster bridge, being asked what induced him to stay in such a situation, where he certainly could *catch no fish*, replied, ‘No, I know that; but I am trying to *catch a little cold*, that may qualify me for *singing base next Sunday*.’

A gentleman in Ireland, having built a large house, was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. ‘And what,’ said the gentleman, smiling, ‘shall I do with the earth that is dug out of the pit?’ To which the steward answered, with great gravity, replied, ‘*Have the pit made large enough to hold all.*’

A plasterer and his boy being employed to white-wash a house *by the day*, were so tedious, that tiring the patience of the owner, he asked the lad, in his master’s absence, when he thought they would have done. The boy bluntly replied, that his master was looking out for another job, and if he found one, they should make an end of it that week; but if he missed of any

other work, it would be *the Lord knows when before that was finished.*

A buck of the town being taken before a justice that was rather crooked, after the witnesses against him were examined, 'Well, Sir,' said the justice, 'what have you to say?' 'Nothing 'at all,' replied the spark, 'for I see you are *all on one side.*'

'Do you,' said Fanny, t'other day,

'In earnest love me as you say;

'Or are those tender words applied

'Alike to fifty girls beside?'

'Dear, cruel girl,' cried I, 'forbear,

'For by those eye, those *lips*, I swear!'

—She stopp'd me as the oath I took,

And cried, 'You've sworn, *now kiss the book.*'

A young citizen having obtained the consent of a rich merchant's daughter to accompany him on a tour to Gretna green, they travelled there with all possible speed, and had their chains expeditiously riveted by the matrimonial blacksmith, who, when the ceremony was concluded, demanded two guineas. 'Two guineas!' exclaimed the bridegroom, 'why, a gentleman I met returning from you with his wife only yesterday, told me that you charged him but five shillings.' 'True,' replied Vulcan, 'but that gentleman was an Irishman, and 'I have married him to five different gentlewomen, so I consider him as a *customer*; but, 'perhaps, I may never see your face again.'

Henry IV. of France being much enamoured with Madame d'Etranges, asked her one day which was the way to her bed-chamber. 'Through the church,' was the reply.

The Chinese are not remarkable for their *taste*, but in *imitation* they are unrivalled. As there is some difficulty in getting silk of a particular quality out of that country in the piece, an Englishman who wished to have a silk coat requested a friend who was going to Canton to get him one made, and as a pattern for fashion and size, sent an old garment that fitted him; to which the Chinese tailor adhered so *correctly*, that he inserted *a patch on one of the elbows*, because the old coat had one.

A Quaker who was examined before their Honours the Commissioners of the Excise Office touching some certain duties that it was supposed had not been properly paid, was rather more primitive in his language than they liked; and not choosing to use any other titles than *thee, thou, and friend*, one of them, with a very stern countenance, asked him, 'Pray, Mr. —, do you know for what we sit here?' 'Yea,' replied Nathan, 'I do: some of you for five hundred, others for a thousand, and, I have been told, others for two thousand pounds a year.'

At one of the city feasts on Lord Mayor's day, one of the guests helped himself to a very large piece of bread, when a gentleman who sat

next him cut a slice off it. The other, observing this, cried, 'Sir, you have made a mistake, that is my bread.' 'Is it?' replied the gentleman, 'Sir, I ask your pardon; I protest I took it for the loaf.'

A gentleman not much versed in literary affairs once asked an Hibernian friend what was the meaning of *posthumous* works. 'What!' exclaimed Mr. O'Shaughnessy, 'do not you know that? why, they are books which a man *writes* after he is dead, to be sure.'

A gentleman returning from a tavern across Covent garden, a chairman cried out, 'Chair, your Honour.' The gentleman took no notice, but called to his dog, who was a good way behind, 'Scrub, Scrub, Scrub!' 'Och! upon my soul,' said Pat, 'there goes a pair of you.'

A gentleman having bespoke a supper at an inn, desired the landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his guest, pretended to find fault with the laying the cloth, and took the plates and knives, and threw them down stairs. The gentleman, resolving not to balk his humour, threw the bottles and glasses down also; at which the host being surprised, enquired the reason of his so doing. 'Nay, nothing,' replied the gentleman, 'but when I saw you throw the plates and knives down stairs, I thought you had a mind to sup below.'

A Westminster justice taking a coach in the city, and being set down at Charing cross, the driver demanded eighteen pence as his fare. The justice asked him if he could swear that the ground came to the money. To which the man replied, he would take his oath on it. 'Well, 'then, my Friend,' said his Worship, 'you 'know that I am a magistrate;' and pulling a book out of his pocket, he administered the oath to the coachman, and then gave him *six pence*, saying he must reserve the *shilling* to himself for the *affidavit*.

A gentleman lying on his death-bed, called to his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said, 'Ah! Tom, I am going a long and rugged 'journey, worse than ever you drove me.' 'O! 'dear Sir,' replied the fellow (he having been but an indifferent master), 'ne'er let that discourage you, for it is *all down bill*.'

A tailor sent his bill to a lawyer for payment: the lawyer desired the boy to tell his master that he was not running away, but very busy at that time. The boy came again, and told him he must needs have the money. 'Did you tell 'your master,' said the lawyer, 'that I was not 'running away?' 'Yes, Sir,' answered the boy, 'but he bade me tell you that *he* was.'

Symptoms of insanity.—Foote, Garrick, and Johnson once went together to Bedlam: Johnson, who was strongly affected at the sight of so much human misery, got into a corner to medi-

tate; and in the progress of this threw himself into so many strange attitudes, and drew his face into such odd shapes, that Foote whispered Garrick, to know *how they should contrive to get him out.*

Sir Walter Raleigh, who was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and a man of fashion as well as a philosopher, introduced the fashion of smoking tobacco into England. In a short time the practice became quite the *ton*; nay, the Queen herself grew fond of it, and would often indulge herself in a social pipe with her maids of honour and some of the more favoured gentlemen of the court. In one of these smoking parties, her Majesty having much agitated the nature of their present enjoyment, at length retired, gravely remarking, that all the pleasure of the evening had ended in *smoke.*

Quin the comedian being once at dinner with Lake the bookseller at Bath, was asked by him if he could tell who was the man that first invented Dorchester beer. 'Sir,' said Quin, with great gravity, 'your asking the question convinces me that you never read the Bible.' 'How so?' rejoined the other. 'Because, Sir,' replied Quin, 'if you had, you must have remembered that Jethro was the first man that kept a public house in the west of England, and brewed the beer you mention.'

One of the criminals lately under sentence of death in Newgate was visited by the Ordinary,

who gravely urged him to acknowledge the justness of his sentence, &c.; to which the culprit answering, the divine demanded to know whether he *renounced the devil* and all his works. The poor fellow, shrugging his shoulders, replied, that he begged to be excused, for as he was going to a strange country, he did not wish to make himself any enemies.

The late Bishop Herring, not more remarkable for learning than benevolence, being applied to by a poor curate for his interest to continue under any new rector he should appoint, told the man he was so struck with his humility and affected by his situation, that he should have the living himself. 'Shall I, by G—d?' said the transported curate, in the fulness of his heart. 'By the living God, you shall,' replied the good bishop.

When Mr. Whitfield once preached at a chapel in New England, where a collection was to be made after the sermon, a British sailor who had strolled into the meeting observed some persons take plates and place themselves at the door; upon which he laid hold of one, and, taking his station, received a considerable sum from the congregation as they departed, which he very deliberately put into the pocket of his tarry trowsers. This being told to Mr. Whitfield, he applied to the sailor for the money, saying it was collected for charitable uses, and must be given to him. 'Avast there,' said Jack, it was given

to me, and I shall keep it.' 'You will be d—d,' said the parson, 'if you do not return it.' 'I'll be d—d if I do,' replied Jack, and sheered off with his prize.

That the following circumstance should have escaped the vigilant observation and accurate research of Mr. Boswell, who has collected every particular respecting Dr. Johnson that he conceived would either interest the public or increase the size of his book, is rather surprising. As a person was shewing the Doctor the castle of Edinburgh, he mentioned to him a tradition that some part of it had been standing three years before Christ. 'Much faith,' replied the Doctor, in his usual manner, 'is due to tradition, and that part of the building which was standing at so early a period must undoubtedly have been the rock on which it was founded.'

A hair-dresser at Nantwich, after dressing a gentleman in an apartment above stairs, in his precipitancy to go down, accidentally fell, and, dislocating his neck, died upon the spot. One of the jurors summoned to enquired into the cause of the poor man's death, meeting with some difficulty in finding the place where the body lay, at last bawled out in the street, 'Where does the man *live* that broke his neck?'

A dispute happening between two officers on board a vessel, whose crew were a mixture of Irish and English, in the course of the contest

one of them asserted, that the English could not answer a common question with half that propriety natural to the Irish. A bet being proposed, it was agreed to try the question immediately. An Englishman was asked what he would take, to go up aloft blindfold in a hard gale. 'I would take a month's pay,' said the fellow. 'And what would you take, Pat?' said one of the officers to an Irishman. 'Nothing,' said the Irishman, 'but fast hold.'

Mr. and Mrs. Kemble were visiting lately at a gentleman's seat at Kendal, where a lady belonging to the family sung, and accompanied herself on the piano-forte. Mrs. Kemble, delighted with the performance, whispered her husband, 'Oh! that I had such notes in my voice.' 'Yes, my Dear,' replied he, 'they would be *bank notes* to you.'

Count Tracey complaining to Foote, that a man had ruined his character, 'So much the better,' replied the wit, 'for it was a d——d bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed, the more to your advantage.'

A country justice lately haranging the jury-men at a quarterly meeting, having occasion to mention the badness of the roads, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am not going to the further end of the country to prove what I say, for the way that I am obliged to go to my own house, is quite *unpassable* to any thing but a *beast*.'

Of all nations the Russians seem to behave most wisely in the circumstance of jealousy. The wife promises her husband *never to let him see her transgressions*; and he as punctually promises, whenever she is detected, without the least anger, *to beat her without mercy*; so they both know what each has to expect: the lady transgresses, *is beaten*, taken again into favour, and all goes on as before. When a Russian young lady, therefore, is to be married, her father, with a cudgel in his hand, asks the bridegroom whether he chooses the virgin for his bride; to which the other replies in the affirmative. Upon which the father, turning the lady three times round, and giving her three strokes with his cudgel on the back, 'My Dear,' cries he, 'these are the last blows you are to receive from your *tender father*; I resign my authority and my cudgel to your husband, he knows better than me the use of either.' The bridegroom knows decorum too well to accept the cudgel abruptly; he assures the father that the lady will never want it, and that he would not for the world make any use of it. But the father, who knows what the lady may want better than he, insists upon his acceptance. Upon this, there follows a scene of Russian politeness, while one refuses, and the other offers the cudgel. The whole, however, ends with the bridegroom's taking it; upon which the lady drops a curtsy, in token of obedience, and the ceremony proceeds as usual.

Mr. Burke, author of *The Sublime and beautiful*, going to a book-case, and finding it locked, said, 'This is *Locke on the Human Understanding*.'

A cobbler being censured by a disappointed customer for getting drunk and not attending his *stall* on the Queen's birth-day, replied, 'Sir, you ought to know that this is a holiday at all the *public offices*.'

An impudent and overbearing attorney, once in a company of farmers, whose estates did not qualify them to shoot game, was observing, with more regard to his importance than the feelings of the audience, that in addition to his own *little manor* he had lately obtained permission to range in a neighbouring one; 'so that,' continued he, 'you see, Gentlemen, I have now *two little manors*.' 'Very true,' replied a person at his elbow, 'you have indeed too *little manners*.'

About thirty years ago, two young fellows (brothers) went to Jamaica; they were by trade blacksmiths. Finding soon after their arrival that they could do nothing without a little money to begin with, but that with sixty or seventy pounds they might be able to make a fortune, they hit upon the following ingenious expedient: One of them stripped the other naked, shaved him close, and blackened him from head to foot. The ceremony being performed, he took him to one of the negro dealers, who, after viewing and approving (he being a fine stout

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young fellow), advanced eighty pounds currency upon the bill of sale, and prided himself much upon the purchase, supposing him the finest negro upon the island. The same evening this new-manufactured negro made his escape to his brother, washed himself clean and resumed his former appearance. Rewards were in vain offered in hand-bills; pursuit was eluded, and discovery rendered impracticable. The brothers with the money commenced business, and actually returned to England not many years since with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. Previous, however, to their departure from the island, they waited upon the gentleman of whom they had received the money, and recalling the circumstance of the negro to his recollection, paid him principal and interest with thanks.

A duel, which had nearly proved fatal to one of the parties, is said to have had its origin in the following very curious reply to a simple interrogatory. 'Pray, Sir, on reading the paper, were you not *struck* with an *idea*?' 'D—n me, Sir, what do you mean? Do you think that I'll be *struck* with any *thing*?'

Of a man who was stuffed full of puritanism, a person expressed a doubt whether he had any religion in his heart. 'How can it be in his heart,' said another, 'when it is always in his *mouth*?'

A young student in the law was obliged by lot to inscribe his name among the new levies

of the imperial army. He sent a petition to the emperor, stating, that as he was on the point of being called to the bar, he flattered himself he could be of more service to his country as a lawyer than as a soldier. 'My good Friend,' said the emperor, 'you are not ignorant that I am engaged in a very intricate *suit* against the French convention, and that I want the assistance of men of talents, as you appear to be. Have the goodness to accept these twelve ducats. Do your duty, and I promise you promotion.'

One evening, during the time the manager wished to force down an unpopular play, the gods in the gallery being very noisy and turbulent, and the constables not able to appease them, a gentleman pronouncing two words only effected the business. 'Silence! Mob,' pronounced with emphasis, quieted the whole gallery, the most riotous not caring by any farther disturbance to be included in that opprobrious appellation.

Mrs. Pilkington having set up a book stall in Westminster hall, a gentleman who wished to encourage her asked her if she had any thing new. 'Yes,' replied she, '*my present situation.*'

The day after Dr. Price published his pamphlet on the National Debt, &c. the late Duke of Cumberland being walking in Westminster hall, in company with Counsellor Dunning, met the Doctor, and thinking it necessary to pay a

compliment, told him, that he read his book with so much delight, and sat up so late to finish it, that it had *almost blinded him*. 'Rather singular,' said Dunning, 'that it should have such an effect on your Royal Highness, for it has *opened the eyes of every body else*.'

A young lady in Cheshire, who had been deceived by three different lovers, of which one was a Presbyterian, the other an Irishman, and the third a Clergyman, made a solemn vow never more to have any connection with either *Irishman, Presbyterian, or Parson*. Shortly after a gentleman, who was a stranger, but of very amiable manners, and very pleasing address, having offered himself to her, she consented to marry him, and after their marriage it appeared that he was an *Irish Presbyterian Parson*.

A strange animal, which in its nature had a mixture of the cat and the rat, being discovered in the reign of Charles the Second, the curious among the naturalists brought it into public conversation, till the king happening to hear of it, asked at the *levee* if any nobleman had seen it. Lord Rochester answering in the affirmative, his Majesty asked him for a description of it. 'Sir,' said the earl, 'it is superior to a rat as touching its cathood, but inferior to a cat as touching its rathood.'

Some one had written upon a pane in the window of an inn on the Chester road, 'Lord M——ms has the *softest lips* in the uni-

'verse.' Phillis. Mrs. Abington, once returning from Ireland, saw this inscription, and wrote under it—

Then as like as two chips,
Are his *head* and his *lips*. Amarillis.

Dr. Johnson happening to sit in a coffee-room where a dog was very troublesome, he bade the waiter kick him out; but in the hurry of business he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he said, if the waiter did not kick the dog out, he would kick him out. 'Sir,' said a young coxcomb, 'I perceive you are not fond of dogs.' 'No,' said the Doctor, 'not of puppies neither.'

Macklin and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. 'I do not understand Greek,' said Macklin. 'A man who argues should understand every language,' replied Johnson. 'Very well,' said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from Irish.

Reversing the order of things.—An old man, who had seen something of the world, and who was desirous that his son should profit by his experience, told him that nothing was more important in the conduct of life than to do every thing in it's proper order and proper place. 'For instance,' said he, 'if you desire to settle in the world, get first a *house*, then a *wife*, then a *child*.' The young man, however, profited as little by this short lesson as the son of the Earl of Chesterfield profited by his

Lordship's voluminous lessons ; for he got first a *child*, then a *wife*, and then a *house*.

The first time Dr. Johnson was in company with Mrs. T. neither the elegance of his conversation nor the depth of his knowledge could prevent that lady's being shocked at his manners. Amongst other pieces of indecorum, his tea not being sweet enough, he clapped his fingers into the sugar-dish, and supplied himself with as little ceremony and concern as if there had not been a lady at the table. Every well-bred cheek was tinged with confusion ; but Mrs. T. was so exasperated, that she ordered the sugar-dish immediately from the table, as if its contents had been contaminated by the fingers of Pomposo. The doctor took no notice, but peaceably swallowed, as usual, his several cups of tea. When he had done, instead of placing his cup and saucer upon the table, he threw them both very calmly under the stove. The whole tea-table was thrown into confusion. Mr. T. screamed out, 'Heavens ! Doctor, what have you done ? You have spoiled the hand, someest set of china I have in the world.' 'I am sorry for it, Madam,' answered Dr. Johnson, 'but I assure you I did it out of pure good breeding ; for, from your treatment of the sugar-dish, I supposed you would never touch any thing again that I once soiled with my fingers.'

Captain Pownall, who made so gallant a fi-

gure in the last war, and Captain Sawyer, had agreed to share with each other the amount of whatever prize-money either might separately gain by captures. Putting in at Lisbon, they paid their addresses to the Miss M——s; and, as far as inclination went, they were favourably received by the ladies: but their father, a merchant of immense property, although sensible of their personal merit, objected to their want of fortune, and desired, that they would relinquish all thoughts of continuing their courtship until they should become more affluent. Soon after the lucrative division of the prize-money gained by the capture of the *Hermione* had made a more than favourable change in their circumstances, the earthquake happened at Lisbon, and Mr. M—— lost all his property. These generous captains immediately repaired to Lisbon; & here, yielding to the full and noble gratification of love and friendship, they settled an annuity on the father, and desired the daughters to accept their hands in marriage. The request was complied with, and domestic mutual felicity became the consequence.

Among the captives taken by Mahomet the Great, upon the surrender of Negropont, was Anne Erizzio, a young Venetian. Mahomet, charmed with her beauty, made an offer of his heart. The lady resolutely said, that she was a Christian and a virgin; and that she abhorred

more than death the debaucheries of his seraglio, and the empoisoned smoothness of his promises. All means were used in vain to gain her. Magnificent habits, costly jewels, were rejected with disdain. Mahomet, irritated with this unexampled resistance, fell from love to hatred, and cut off her head in a transport of fury. And thus our heroine, by the sacrifice of a frail life, acquired immortal glory.

A corporal of the life-guards of Frederic the Great, who had a great deal of vanity, but, at the same time, was a brave fellow, wore a watch chain, to which he affixed a musket bullet, instead of a watch, which he was unable to buy. The king being inclined one day to rally him, said, 'Apropos, Corporal, you must have been very frugal to buy a watch: it is six o'clock by mine, tell me what it is by yours.' The soldier, who guessed the king's intention, instantly drew the bullet from his fob, and said, 'Sire, my watch neither marks five nor six o'clock; but it tells me every moment, that it is my duty to die for your Majesty.' 'Here, my Friend, said the king, quite affected, 'take this watch, that you may be able to tell the hour also.' And he gave him his watch, which was adorned with brilliants.

Frederic rung one day, and nobody answered. He opened the door and found the page sleeping on a sofa. He was going to wake him, when he perceived the end of a billet out of his pocket.

He had the curiosity to know the contents: he took and read it. It was a letter from the mother of the young man, who thanked him for having sent her a part of his wages, to assist her in her distress. She concluded by beseeching God to bless him for his filial goodness. The king returned softly to his room, took a roller of ducats, and slid them, with the letter, into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he ran so violently, that the page opened it, and entered,—‘You have slept well,’ said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment, put his hand into his pocket, and felt, with astonishment, the roller. He drew it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word.—‘What is the matter?’ said the king.—‘Ah! ‘Sire,’ said the young man, throwing himself at his Majesty’s feet, ‘somebody would wish to ruin me: I know not how I came by this money in my pocket.—‘My Friend,’ said Frederick, ‘God often sends us good in our sleep. ‘Send this to your mother. Salute her in my name, and assure her that I shall take care of her and of you.’—Engel has made this anecdote the subject of a little drama, entitled, ‘The Page.’

The late George Selwyn was so fond of executions, that, not content with attending all that were in the metropolis, he travelled from London to Paris for the purpose of being present at

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the execution of Damiens. By interest or a bribe he found means to gain admission upon the scaffold, on which were assembled all the executioners of the different cities in France. The Parisian executioner, with the natural politeness of his country, paid his compliments to his brethren, distinguishing them by the names of their respective places of residence, as, 'Serriteur Monsieur d'Orleans, Monsieur d'Arras, Monsieur de Lyons,' &c. and perceiving Mr. Selwyn to be English, accosted him with 'Serriteur Monsieur de Tyburn.' Mr. Selwyn's French friend, who also was present, set him right by informing him, '*Monsieur n'est pas artiste, il est seulement amateur.*' The gentleman is not an artist, he is only an admirer of the art. This also was perfectly French.

George the First of England, having frequently experienced the rapacity of the Dutch at Helvoetsluys, was, in one of his journies, determined to avoid it by not stopping there. It was a fine summer's day, and while the servants were changing the horses and stowing his baggage in the coach, he stopped at the door of the principal inn, and asked for three fresh eggs, which, having eaten, he enquired what was to pay for them. 'Two hundred florins,' was the reply. 'How?' cried the astonished monarch, 'why so? eggs are not scarce at Helvoetsluys.' 'No,' replied the landlord, 'eggs are not scarce here, but kings are.'

An address selected from a dictionary by a great linguist — Soon after the accession of Charles the Second, he gave audience to an envoy from the Emperor of Morocco. The envoy's great talent was learning languages; and having, by grammars and dictionaries, acquired a *competent knowledge of English*, he wrote an address to the British monarch, which begins as follows:

'May you long enjoy your present *speculative* situation; and as a tree was once your *royal roset*, may a tree be always ready for your Majesty. May you and your counsellors *bang together*, and may you never want any good thing which can be laid hold of. May your sceptre be strong in your royal hand, and may all your subjects fall down before it. May your progeny be numerous as the stars, and may the God of our fathers *pickle* your Majesty until the end of time.'

Finding that to *preserve* was to *pickle*, this great linguist thought to *pickle* must be to *preserve*.

It was customary with Frederick the Great, whenever a new soldier appeared in his guards, to ask him three questions, viz 'How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?' It happened that a young soldier, born in France, who had served in his own country, desired to enlist in the Prussian service; his figure caused him to be immediately accept-

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ed: but he was totally ignorant of the German dialect; and his captain giving him notice that the king would question him in that tongue the first time he should see him, cautioned him at the same time to learn by heart the three answers that he was to make the king. Accordingly he learned them by the next day; and as soon as he appeared in the ranks, Frederic came up to interrogate him: but he happened to begin upon him by asking him the second question—‘How long have you been in my service?’—‘Twenty-one years,’ answered the soldier. The king, struck with his youth, that plainly indicated that he had not born a musket so long as that, said to him, much astonished, ‘How old are you?’—‘One year, an’t please your Majesty.’—Frederick, more astonished still, cried, ‘You or I must certainly be bereft of our senses.’—The soldier, who took this for the third question, replied firmly, ‘Both, an’t please your Majesty.’—‘This is the first time I was ever treated as a madman at the head of my army,’ rejoined Frederic. The soldier, who had exhausted his stock of German, kept silent; and when the king questioned him again, to penetrate into this mystery, the soldier told him in French that he did not understand a word of German; and which the king laughed heartily, advised him to learn that language, and concluded with exhorting him to perform his duty well.

The late Dr. Goldsmith, sitting one evening at the Globe tavern, Fleet street, he called for a mutton-chop; which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman with whom he was intimately acquainted turned up his nose, and asked how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him. 'Stinking!' said the doctor, 'in good truth, I do not smell it.'—'I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life,' said the gentleman: 'the rascal deserves a caning for being so heedless as to bring you such carrion.' 'In good truth,' said the poet, 'I think so too, but I will be less severe in my punishment.' He instantly called the waiter, and after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than assafoetida, he insisted, as a punishment, that he should sit down and eat it himself. The waiter argued, but he might as well have attempted to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion. The doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with the punishment. When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter had done, Goldsmith's friend burst in a horse laugh. 'What, in God's name, ails you now?' said the poet.—'Indeed, my dear Friend,' said the gentleman, 'I could never have thought that any man whose knowledge

‘of letters was so extensive as your’s, could he
 ‘so great a dupe to a stroke of humour: the
 ‘chop was as fine a one as I ever saw in my life.’
 —‘Was it?’ said the doctor, ‘then I shall ne-
 ‘ver give credit to what you say again; and so,
 ‘in good truth, I think I am even with you.’

One asking a lazy young fellow what made
 him lie in bed so long; ‘I am busied,’ said he,
 ‘in hearing counsel every morning. Industry
 ‘advises me to get up, Sloth to lie still; and so
 ‘they give me twenty reasons *pro* and *con*. It is
 ‘my part to hear what is said on both sides; and
 ‘by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready.

When the brave Sir George Rooke was mak-
 ing his will, some friends that were present ex-
 pressed their surprise that he had not more to
 leave. ‘Why,’ said the veteran, ‘I do not leave
 ‘much, but what I do leave was honestly ac-
 ‘quired, for it never cost a sailor a tear, or the
 ‘nation a farthing.’

Ambrose Phillips.—This very ingenious gen-
 tleman was in his conversation solemn and
 pompous. At a coffee-house he was once dis-
 coursing upon pictures, and pitying the paint-
 ers who in their historical pieces always draw
 the same sort of sky. ‘They should travel,’
 said he, ‘and then they would see that there is
 ‘a different *sky* in every country; in England,
 ‘France, Italy, and so forth.’ —‘Your remark
 ‘is just,’ said a grave old gentleman who sat by;
 ‘I have been a traveller, and can testify what

‘you observe is true : but the greatest variety of
 ‘*skys* that I found was in Poland. ‘In Poland,
 ‘Sir!’ said Phillips. ‘Yes, in Poland; for
 ‘there is *Sobieſky*, *Poniatouſky*, *Sarbrunſky*, *Ja-*
 ‘*blonſky*, *Podebraſky*, and many more *ſkys*, Sir,
 ‘than are to be found elſewhere.’

The true blue, thorough-paced republicans of the laſt century had ſuch an inveterate enmity to every ſpecies of monarchy, however qualified, that they could not bear the word *king* in their bibles; but, whenever it occurred, ſubſtituted *civil magiſtrate* in the place of it. Thus they read, inſtead of the firſt and ſecond book of *Kings*, the firſt and ſecond book of the *Civil Magiſtrates*. An author, during the proteſtorſhip of Cromwell, thinking to improve upon the language of inſpiration, ſubſtituted the *parliament of Heaven* for the *kingdom of Heaven*.

A countryman having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour, who neglected to make uſe of it, plentifully ſtored his own part with corn, and expoſtulated with his partner on having laid out his money in ſo uſeleſs a way, adding, ‘you had better do *ſomething* with it, as ‘you ſee I have done.’ ‘As to that, Neighbour,’ replied the other, ‘every man has a ‘right to do what he will with his own, and ‘you have done ſo; but I have made up my ‘mind about my part of the property, *I ſhall ſet* ‘*it on fire.*’

In the late war, an Engliſh drummer having

wandered from his camp, and getting too near the French lines, he was seized and brought before the French commander on suspicion of being a spy dressed in a drummer's uniform. On being asked who he was by the general, he answered, 'a drummer in the English service.' This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the Frenchman's suspicion. However, he desired the drummer to beat a retreat. 'A retreat, Sir!' replied the Briton, 'I do not know what it is, nor is it known in the English service.' This answer so pleased the French officer, that he dismissed the drummer, and wrote to his general, commending his spirited behaviour.

Frederic the Great had ordered piazzas to be erected round the church of St. Nicholas, at Potsdam; by which means the lower range of windows was entirely covered, and the church deprived of some light. The overseers and churchwardens were dissatisfied, and presented a memorial to the king, requesting that he would discontinue the building, and pull down what had already been erected. But their memorial was returned, and the following was written at the bottom, in the king's own hand: 'Blessed are they who do not see, and yet believe.'

A sovereign, in a progress through his kingdom, was informed, in one of his capital towns,

of a singular fact, that one of the inhabitants, a man of seventy years old, had never been without the walls. The man was called to the king, and, being poor, obtained a pension, but upon the following provision, that he should forfeit his pension if ever he set foot out of the town. But here even custom could not prevail over love of liberty: the man did not long continue at ease, his confinement became insupportable, and he lost his pension in six months.

An apothecary, one of the Friends, meeting Doctor Fothergill in the street, accosted him in the following manner: 'Friend Fothergill, I intend dining with thee to-day.'—'I shall be glad to see thee,' replied the doctor.—'I intend bringing my family with me,' said the apothecary.—'So much the better,' quoth the doctor; 'but pray, Friend, hast thou not some joke?'—'No joke, indeed,' replied the apothecary, 'but a very serious matter. Thou hast attended Friend Ephraim these three days, and ordered him no medicine. I cannot live at this rate in my own house, and I must therefore live in thine.' The doctor took the hint, and prescribed handsomely for the benefit of his friend Ephraim, and his friend Leech, the apothecary.

Don Garcias, the third king of Navarre, was surnamed *The Terrible*, from a certain ardour, said his flatterers, with which he was inspired when he went to battle. The king, who was

really a brave man, and scorned a lie, gave to his acquired name the right origin, and confessed it was owing to fear. When he was once going to attack the enemy, a courtier, to ingratiate himself, observed to his Majesty, that the danger was trifling, and did not merit the agitation which his Majesty seemed to feel.—‘Sir,’ said the king, ‘my limbs tremble at the danger which they know my courage will carry them into.’

Very different this from the apology of the Irishman, who being upbraided with cowardice, said, he had as bold a *heart* as any man in the army, but his cowardly *legs* always ran away with it.

The ancients spoke of humanity in a less studied phrase than we, but knew better than we how to practise it. There is a passage in Plutarch which may be applied to them and us with propriety: ‘At the theatre in Athens, a venerable old man was looking about for a seat, which some young ones at a distance perceiving, they beckoned him to go to them, intimating they would make room for him; but when he went near to them, they filled up their seat, and made a jest of him. The old man went from seat to seat in great confusion, being all the while ridiculed by the Athenian youth: but the Spartan ambassadors being present, and seeing his distress, rose up, and placed him honourably in the midst of them.’

‘ The tranſaction was noticed by the whole audience, and the behaviour of the Spartans was received with univerſal applauſe, whiſt the old man ſhook his head and cried, ‘ What a pity the Athenians ſhould know what good manners are, but that the Lacedemonians only ſhould put them in practice.’

M. Dorſling having ſerved his apprenticeship to a tailor at Dendermond, and wiſhing to ſee Berlin, came to a paſſage of the Elbe, but being unable to pay the ferryman, could not be conveyed. This ſo chagrined him that he threw his wallet into the river, curſed the pitiful trade of a tailor, and enliſted as a ſoldier. His gallant behaviour in this capacity ſo much attracted the notice of the elector Frederic William, that he advanced him to the higheſt honours. This naturally excited the envy of the courtiers, who frequently whiſpered each other that he would always retain the air of a tailor. When informed of this, he ſaid, ‘ True, I was a tailor, and was wont to cut out *cloth*; but now (putting his hand to his ſword) I have an inſtrument with which I will aſſuredly cut off the ears of any man who dares be impertinent to me.’

When Baron Niewman was once playing at cards in a large company, he was guilty of an *odd trick*, on which the company, in the warmth of their reſentment, threw him out of the window of an one pair of ſtairs room, where they

had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do.—‘Do,’ said the wit, ‘why, it is a plain case, never play so high again as long as you live.’

The late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that was just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and, as he helped him out, told him in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of genius—Poor Chatterton smiled, and, taking his companion by the arm, replied, ‘My dear Friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution; I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined: we can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that.’ His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection: but what will not melancholy and adversity combined subjugate? In three days after the neglected and disconsolate youth was no more.

When the late Dr. Whitfield arrived at America, observing during his voyage the dissoluteness of the crew, he invited them to one of his pious declamations, and took occasion to reprehend them for their infamous manner of living.

‘You will certainly,’ said he, ‘go to Hell. God will never save your wicked souls. Perhaps you may think I will be an advocate for you; but, believe me, I will tell of all your wicked actions.’—Upon which, one of the sailors, turning to his brother messmate, observed, that the greatest rogue always turned king’s evidence.

On the master tailors and their journeymen going to law, a gentleman observed, that the suits with which these worthies thus furnish each other will probably *last* longer than any *they* ever supplied their customers with; if the observation of the learned Daniel Burges be true, that a law suit is a suit for life.

A young gentleman had long, in vain, entreated Sarah Duchess of Marlborough to use her influence in procuring him a commission in the army. Being one day in a large and polite company, where the duchess was present, her Grace, overstraining herself, unfortunately produced a very loud explosion. The young gentleman, who sat next her, immediately rose up, and made a handsome apology to the company for being guilty of so unlucky a breach of good manners; and thus freed the duchess from any suspicion of being the guilty person. Her Grace, charmed with the young man’s gallantry, presented him with a commission next day, saying, ‘Tis an ill wind which blows nobody good.’

A gentleman having appointed to meet his friend on particular business, went to his house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl. He informed her he wanted her master.—‘He is gone out, Sir,’ said she.—‘Then your mistress will do,’ said the gentleman.—‘She,’ said the girl, ‘is gone out too.’—‘My business is of consequence,’ returned he, ‘is your master’s son at home?’—‘No, Sir,’ returned the girl, ‘he is gone out.’—‘That’s unlucky, indeed,’ replied he, ‘but perhaps it may not be long before they return, I’ll step in and sit by your fire.’—‘O! Sir,’ said the girl, ‘the fire is gone out too.’—Upon which the gentleman bade her inform her master, that he did not expect to be received so *coolly*.

One Sunday evening, when the weather was extremely hot, the windows of a parish church in the diocese of Gloucester were set open to admit more air, while the congregation was assembled for divine service. Just as the clergyman was beginning his weekly discourse (who, by the bye, is not much celebrated for his oratorical powers), a jack-ass, which had been grazing in the church-yard, popped his head in at a window, and began braying with all his might, as if in opposition to the reverend preacher. On this, a wag present, immediately got up from his seat, and, with great gravity of countenance, exclaimed, ‘One at a time, Gen-

'tlemen, if you please.' The whole congregation set up a loud laugh, when the jack-ass took fright, and gave up the contest; though, from the clergyman's chagrin and confusion, he would probably not have been the worst orator.

A person being brought before a justice for some trivial misdemeanour, in the course of his examination discharged no small number of oaths at the justice, clerk, &c. 'Before I commit you to prison,' said the justice, 'I shall charge you a shilling for each of your oaths.'—'*Charge me,*' said the culprit, 'd—n me, Sir, I would have you to know, *I am a gentleman.*'—'Are you so?' said the justice, 'why then, Sir, I shall charge you accordingly, *five shillings each.*'

An Irishman was once in the same predicament; for having sworn two oaths, the justice charged him two shillings. 'How much do you charge for a curse?' said Pat. 'Sixpence,' replied the justice. 'Why then, as I hate small change,' returned Paddy, 'take my half crown, and a *curse light on you all.*'

A young gentleman having shortened the apron of a neighbour's maid, the master, being a grave man, came to expostulate with him. 'Sir,' said he, 'I wonder, I much wonder, how you could do it.'—'Pr'ythee, where's the wonder?' said the other, 'if she had got *me* with child, you might have wondered indeed.'

When Sam Foote was once at the Smyrna coffee-house, a gentleman of the law read aloud a paragraph in one of the morning papers, stating that two large *sharks* had been seen in the Thames, a little below Erith, a few days before. 'Pray, Mr. Foote,' added he, 'do you believe this?'—'I have seldom heard of these devouring monsters coming so high up the river,' replied the comedian, 'but I fancy an *erratum* would clear the paragraph—for *sharks* read at *tornies*; you know two lawyers accidentally 'dropped out of a Margate hoy last week.'

A lady of great *literary* acquirements in the city, gave her good man a very severe shock, by assuring him, not a day passed over her head, at Margate, without seeing her in *old Neptune's bosom*.

Serjeant Davy being concerned in a cause which he wished to postpone, asked Lord Mansfield when he would bring it on. 'On Friday next,' said his Lordship. 'Will you consider, my Lord, Friday next will be Good Friday?'—'I don't care for that, the better day the better deed.'—'Well, my Lord,' said Davy, 'you may act as you please; but if you do sit on that day, I believe you will be the first judge who tried causes on a *Good Friday* since Pontius Pilate.'

A dissenting preacher, who had much owing him by one of his congregation, lately preaching upon the words in Job, 'We brought no-

‘ thing into this world, and verily we can carry ‘ nothing out,’ observed it was very true that a man could carry nothing of *his own* out of the world ; ‘ but I am certain,’ added he, ‘ that he ‘ may carry out a great deal of *other people’s*.’

A woman singing ballads for money to bury her husband, gave rise to the following *jeu d’esprit* :—

For her husband deceased Sally chaunts the
sweet lay,
And faith it is singular sorrow ;
But I doubt, since she *sings* for a *dead man* to-
day,
She’ll cry for a *live one* to-morrow.

Doctor N—— having printed two heavy volumes containing the *Natural History of Worcestershire*, Dr. Barton remarked to him, that his publication was in several particulars extremely erroneous ; and when N. defended his volumes, replied, ‘ Pray, Doctor N. are you not a justice ‘ of the peace?’—‘ I am, Sir,’ was the reply. ‘ Why then, Sir,’ added Barton, ‘ I advise you ‘ to send *your work* to the same place you send ‘ *your vagrants*, that is, to the *house of correc- ‘ tion*.’

Mr. Alderman Curtis lately boasting that at a venison feast at Guildhall he had found out the best cut in the haunch, Mr. Wilkes asked him to tell him which it was. ‘ Not for fifty ‘ pounds, Mr. Chamberlain, consider what a

*corporation I have to maintain, in comparison to
'your soup meagre complexion.'*

Nat. Lee, the poet, was confined in Bedlam more than four years. In this place, an unfeeling fellow who visited him, and wished to show his wit, told him, that to write like a madman was the easiest thing in the world. 'No,' said Lee, 'to *write* like a madman is not easy, but it is very easy to *talk* like a fool.'

At the contested election for Westminster between Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput, John Glynn, Esq. father to the late serjeant, went in a plain dress to the hustings at Covent garden to poll; and was interrogated by one of the clerks, with all the insolence of office, with, 'Well, Sir, who are you? what is your name?'—'John Glynn.'—'Where do you live?'—'In Abingdon street.'—'What trade are you, pray?'—'A very poor trade indeed for an honest man to get a living by,' replied Mr. Glynn, '*I am a member of parliament.*'

In the early part of Mr. Hogarth's life, a nobleman of a *most unpromising countenance*, sat to him for his picture; but, when it was finished, found it so exact a counterpart of himself, that he left it on the painter's hands, and, though repeatedly applied to, refused to pay for it. This so much irritated the artist, that he sent to him the following card, which had the desired effect:—

‘Mr. Hogarth presents respectful compliments to Lord ———, and takes the liberty of informing him, that if the picture is not sent for in three days, he will send it, with the addition of a *tail*, and *some other little appendages*, to Mr. Hall, the wild-beast man, to whom Mr. Hogarth had given a conditional promise of it, for an exhibition picture.’

A gentleman being stopped in the street by one who requested alms, as a *poor scholar*, gave him a shilling, and addressed him in Latin. ‘Ah!’ said the man, ‘I told you I was a *poor scholar*; and am, indeed, so *poor a scholar*, that I never learned the alphabet.’

A parish officer perambulating his district to take a list of such of the inhabitants as were liable to be drawn for recruiting the militia, saw an old *comb-maker* at work, and thus addressed him: ‘Pray, honest Friend, how old are you?’ — ‘Not old enough,’ answered he, ‘to be chosen a militia-man, I am a mere infant; do not you observe I am *cutting my teeth*?’

A country cousin of the late celebrated Charles Churchill coming to town in the summer time, he took her to Westminster abbey, to show her the tombs, and from thence to both houses of parliament. When they were in the House of Commons, he said to her, ‘This is St. Stephen’s chapel.’ — ‘Lard, cousin,’ said she, ‘it is not much like a chapel.’ — ‘Not much,’ replied Churchill, ‘but it is very much like the

'temple of Jerusalem, in our Saviour's time.'—
 'Aye,' said she, 'was the temple built in this
 manner?'—'No,' replied he, 'the similitude is
 not in the building, but in the service per-
 formed in it; for this chapel, like the Jews'
 temple, is not so much a house of prayer, as a
 place of marketing, jobbing, cheating, buy-
 ing, selling, and money changing.'—'Lard
 bless me,' said she, 'what! do they buy and
 sell in it?'—'Yes,' said he, 'they buy places
 and pensions, and sell their consciences and
 their country.'

A sailor meeting an old acquaintance whom
 the world had frowned upon a little, asked him
 where he lived — 'Where I *live*,' said he, 'I
 don't know; but I *starve* towards *Wapping*,
 and that way.'

A certain country squire asked a merry an-
 drew why he played the fool 'For the same
 reason,' said he, 'that you do, out of *want*.
 You do it for want of *wit*, I do it for want of
 money.'

An eminent tradesman, remarkable for the
 blunt sincerity of his dealing, delivered a bill
 for a debt of about 20l to a noble lord; the
 debt had been due for many years, and the
 tradesman had often called in vain: but one
 morning, by the blunder of a new servant, he
 was admitted. Having realized a fortune, he
 did not pay much reverence to a lord, when that
 lord was long winded in his payment; he there-

fore insisted in very peremptory terms on his money, and hinted something about the hardship of that law which gave protection to insolvent peers. Fortunately he enraged his noble debtor so much as to urge him to take the uncommon resolution of paying the bill; but having thrown the money upon the table, he swore that he would punish his rudeness by prevailing on every friend to discharge him from their employment. Old Vinegar, pocketing the money with great composure, said in answer to this, 'As to you, my Lord, I'll take care you never shall employ me; and if you will give me a list of your friends, I will give you my word, I will not be employed by *them*.'

A noble duke, who stammered so much that he was obliged to have a servant stand by him to repeat what he said, asked a clergyman at his table, by way of joke, if he knew what was the reason that Balaam's ass spoke. The clergyman not understanding him, the servant repeated what his Grace had said; to which the parson answered, that *Balaam* stammered, and his *ass* spoke for him.

An Irish gentleman having seen a little picture room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. 'Faith, Gentlemen,' said he, 'if you all go in it will not hold you.'

A clergyman who was inclined to write notes on Shakespear's plays, carried a specimen of his performance to old Mr. Sheridan, and desired

his opinion. 'Sir,' said Sheridan, 'I wonder
' people wont mind their own affairs : you may
' spoil your own bible if you please, but pray
' let our's alone.'

Lord Kelly being in company one evening at
a tavern, till the circulation of the glass had, in
the language of his friends, set fire to every
carbuncle in his face, and put the whole, as it
were, in a blaze, Foote, who was present, took
occasion to ask the noble lord, whether he was
to have any part of 100l. premium given to Ber-
kenhout and others for the invention of a *scarlet*
dye.'

A clergyman reproving a married couple for
their frequent dissentions, which were very sin-
ful in the eye of God and man, seeing, as he
observed, that they were both *one*. 'Both *one!*'
cried the husband, 'were your Reverence to
' come by our door sometimes, you would swear
' we were *twenty.*'

When Johnson was one day at Mr. Thrale's,
he entered into a violent declamation against ac-
tion in public speaking, 'which,' added he,
' can have no possible effect upon reasonable
' minds : it may augment *noise*, but it never can
' enforce *argument*. If you speak to a dog, you
' use action ; you hold up your hand thus, be-
' cause he is a brute ; and in proportion as men
' are removed from brutes, *action* will have the
' less influence upon them.'—'What then, Sir,'
said Mrs. Thrale, 'becomes of the assertion of

‘Demosthenes, action! action! action!’—‘Demosthenes, Madam, spoke to an assembly of *brutes, to a barbarous people.*’

A gentleman crossing Ludgate street, was applied to by a man who sweeps the crossing, for charity. The gentleman replied, ‘I am going a little further, and will remember you when I return.’—‘Please your Honour,’ said the man, ‘it is unknown the credit I give in this way.’

The celebrated Daniel Burgefs dining with a gentleman of his congregation, a large Cheshire cheese, uncut, was brought to table. ‘Where shall I cut it?’ asked Daniel.—‘Any where you please, Mr. Burgefs,’ answered the gentleman. Upon which, Daniel handed it to the servant, desiring him to carry it to his house, and he would cut it at home.

Who could imagine that Locke was fond of romances, that Newton once studied astrology, that Dr. Clarke valued himself for his agility, and frequently amused himself in a private room in his house in leaping over the tables and chairs, and that Pope himself was a great epicure? When this last gentleman spent a summer with a certain nobleman, he was accustomed to lie whole days in bed on account of his head-achs, but would at any time rise with alacrity when his servant informed him there were stewed lampreys for dinner. On an evening of an important battle, the Duke of Marlborough was heard

chiding his servant for being so extravagant as to light four candles in his tent, when Prince Eugene came to confer with him. Elizabeth was a coquette, and Bacon received a bribe. Dr. Busby had a violent passion for the stage; it was excited in him by the applause he received in acting the Royal Slave before the king at Christ church; and he declared, that if the rebellion had not broken out, he had certainly engaged himself as an actor. Luther was so immoderately passionate, that he sometimes boxed Melancthon's ears, and Melancthon himself was a believer in judicial astrology, and an interpreter of dreams. Richlieu and Mazarin were so superstitious as to employ and pension Morin, a pretender to astrology, who cast the nativities of these two able politicians. Nor was Tacitus himself, who generally appears superior to superstition, untainted with this folly, as does appear from the twenty-second chapter of the sixth book of his Annals. Men of great genius have been somewhere compared to the pillar of fire that conducted the Israelites, which frequently turned a cloudy side towards the spectator.

When one Gibbons, a country clergyman, once paid a visit to Sheridan, the dean and the doctor agreed to put a joke upon him, and Swift came disguised in the character of a distressed parson, assumed the name of Joddrel, and applied for the place of an usher to Sheridan.

Gibbons being appointed to examine the candidate, to see if he was fit for the office, asked him, among other questions, 'What is Christ's church?' To which the dean replied, 'A great pile of building near the four courts.' On which Gibbons exclaimed, 'Was there ever such a fool of a fellow! who the devil put you in orders?'

The late Alderman Burnell was originally a *bricklayer*. Wilkes observing him at a city feast unable to manage his knife in the operation of cutting up a *pudding*, set the table in a roar, by telling him he had better take the *trowel* to it.

King James I. gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard upon one of his Scotch courtiers, 'By my faul,' returned the peer, 'he that made your Majesty a *king*, spoiled the best *fool* in Christendom.'

The celebrated Marshal de Turenne was no less remarkable for the extraordinary affability and coolness of his disposition, than for his uncommon penetration and heroic achievements in war. One day, in summer, having returned from hunting, he was lying over his window, enjoying the cool air, dressed in the hunter's uniform, viz. a short coat, leather breeches, and boots. One of his valets, coming into the room, and seeing only his buckskin breeches and hunter's jacket, took him for one of his

fellow servants, and, out of sport, gave the marshal a severe stroke with his hand on the buttocks. Turenne, smarting with the blow, turned about a little angry. The valet, seeing his master, fell upon his knees entreating his forgiveness, saying, 'I thought, my Lord, it was 'John.'—'And although it had been John,' said the marshal, with great coolness, 'you need not 'have struck so hard.'

He frequently went on foot to hear mass, and then took a turn alone round the rampart of Paris, without his servants or any exterior mark to distinguish him. One day in his walk he passed near a croud of tradesmen who were playing at bowls; and who, without knowing him, called upon him to judge of a cast. He took his cane, and having measured the distances, gave his opinion. The man whom he had determined against abused him. The marshal smiled, and, as he was going to measure the ground a second time, several officers who had been seeking him came up, and accosted him. The tradesman was confounded, fell upon his knees, and begged pardon. The viscount answered him, 'Friend, you were in the wrong to 'imagine that I would cheat you.'

He went sometimes, though seldom, to the public shows. He was one day alone in a box in the play-house, when there came in some country gentlemen, who, not knowing him, would oblige him to give them his seat in the

first row ; upon his refusing, they had the insolence to throw his hat and gloves upon the stage. Without being moved, he desired a young lord of the first quality to gather them up for him. Those who had insulted him finding who he was, blushed, and would have retired, but he stopped them, and, with a great deal of good humour, told them, that if they would contrive and sit close, there was room enough for them all. Thus this hero mixed often with the croud, but still maintained his character.

Mrs. Bellamy relates a remarkable story of Mrs. Montford, afterwards Mrs. Vanbruggen, wife to the promising actor of that name who was unfortunately murdered as he was escorting the celebrated Mrs. Bracegirdle home from the theatre. On Mrs. Montford was the justly-celebrated and well-known ballad of *Black-eyed Susan* written by Mr. Gay. Lord Berkeley's partiality for this actress induced him to leave her, at his decease, three hundred pounds a year, on condition she never married. His Lordship likewise purchased Cowley for her, which was afterwards the summer residence of Mr. Rich ; and she besides received from him at times very considerable sums. After this she fell in love with that very capital actor Mr. Booth ; but the desire of retaining her annuity prevented her from being joined in the bands of wedlock with the lover whom she preferred to numbers that were candidates for her favour. This considera-

tion obstructing, the union could not take place, and Mr. Booth soon found another mate. Mrs. Vanbruggen had contracted an intimacy with Miss Santlow, a lady celebrated as a dancer, and esteemed a tolerable actress. She was the declared favourite of Secretary Craggs, through whose liberality she became possessed of a fortune sufficient to enable her to live independent of the stage. What Mrs. Montford could not effect, Miss Santlow did. Mr. Booth, transferring his attention from the former to the latter, obtained possession of both her person and fortune. Mrs. Montford no sooner heard of the perfidy of her lover, and the ingratitude of her friend, than she gave way to a desperation that deprived her of her senses. In this situation she was brought from Cowley to London, that the best advice might be procured for her. As, during the most violent paroxysms of her disorder, she was not outrageous, and now and then a ray of reason beamed through the cloud that overshadowed her intellects, she was not placed under any rigorous confinement, but suffered to go about the house. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told it was Hamlet. In this piece, while she had been on the stage, she had always met with great applause in the character of Ophelia. The recollection struck; and with cunning, which is usually allied to insanity, she found means to elude the care of her servants,

and got to the theatre, where concealing herself till the scene in which Ophelia was to make her appearance in her insane state, she pushed on the stage before her rival, who played the character that night, and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of mimic or art could do. She was *in truth Ophelia herself*, to the amazement of the performers, as well as of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On her going off, she prophetically exclaimed, *It is all over!* and indeed that was soon the case; for, as she was conveying home (to use the concluding lines of another sweet ballad of Gay's, wherein her fate is so truly described), 'She, like a lily drooping, then bowed her head, and died.'

Pope, in all his intercourse with mankind, had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods. He hardly drank tea without a stratagem. If, at the house of his friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely, as something convenient; though, when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he teased Lord Orrery till he obtained a screen. He practised his art on such small occasions, that Lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that he played the politician about cab-

bages and turnips. His unjustifiable impression of *The Patriot King*, as it can be imputed to no particular motive, must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning; he caught an opportunity of a fly-trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

Doctor Hough, some time since Bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper as for many other good qualities, having a good deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his Lordship to show him a curious weather-glass which the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas. The servant was accordingly ordered to bring it; who, in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged by the accident. 'Be under no concern, my dear Sir,' said the bishop, smiling, 'I think it is rather a lucky omen: we have hitherto had a dry season; and I hope we shall have some rain, for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low.'

When the great Duke of Marlborough visited the Duke of Montague at Boughton, he in high terms commended the excellency of his water-works; to which the latter, with greatness, replied, 'But they are by no means comparable to your Grace's fire-works.'

An Irish gentleman, perceiving that one of

the great branches of an apple-tree in his garden had been by some accident entirely blasted, was determined to lop it off. To effectuate this purpose, the shrewd son of St. Patrick mounted the tree, and got across the withered branch, and began very deliberately to saw it off betwixt himself and the main trunk. The withered branch, being nearly cut through, gave way, and down tumbled the gallant Hibernian, not a little stunned by the fall, and considerably bruised by the weight of the incumbent branches, but still more astonished at the *mystery* of this *inexplicable* accident.

The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance, perhaps, more than the following: Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and, being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly-finished labour of many years, was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as Sir Isaac Newton was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, 'O! Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done.'

Sir Isaac, one evening in winter, feeling it extremely cold, instinctively drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a large fire had been recently lighted. By degrees the fire having completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rung his bell with unusual violence. John was not at hand; he at last made his appearance by the time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. 'Remove the grate, you lazy rascal,' cried out Sir Isaac, with a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and placid philosopher, 'remove the grate, ere I am burned to death.' 'Please your Honour, might you not rather draw back your *chair*?' said John, a little waggishly. 'Upon my word,' said Sir Isaac, smiling, 'I never thought of that precaution.'

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stolen a watch, desired the jury to value it at *ten pence*. Upon which the prosecutor cried out, '*Ten pence*, my Lord, why the very *fashion* of it cost me *five pounds*.' 'Oh!' said his Lordship, 'we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake*.'

Some years ago a candidate for a Welsh borough told his constituents, that if they would elect him, he should take care that they should have any kind of weather they liked best. This was a tempting offer, and they could not resist choosing a man, who, to use their own language, 'was more of a *Cot Almighty* than Sir

Watkin himself. 'Soon after the election, one of his constituents waited upon him, and requested some rain. 'Well, my good Friend, 'and what do you want with rain? wont it 'spoil your hay?'—'Why, it will be very serviceable to the wheat; and as to my hay, I have 'just got it in.'—'But has your neighbour got 'his in? I should suppose rain would do him 'some mischief.'—'Why, aye,' replied the votary, 'rain would do him harm, indeed.'—'Aye, now you see how it is, my dear Friend: 'I have promised to get you any kind of weather you like; but if I give you rain, I must 'disoblige him; so your best way, I think, will 'be to meet together all of you, and agree in 'the weather that will be best for you all, and 'you may depend upon having it. But my business is not to set you together by the ears, by 'giving a preference to one over the other.'

Swift being one day in a violent state of irritation, when Dr. Delany called upon him, the doctor endeavoured to sooth him into a good humour; but Swift, in his own vindication, asked him if the corruptions and villainy of men in power did not eat his flesh and exhaust his spirits. 'In truth,' said Delany, they do not.' Swift asked him in a fury how he could avoid it. Delany calmly replied, 'because I am commanded to the contrary—*Fret not thyself because of the ungodly.*'

It has been often said, that where Nature de-

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nies talents, she gives cunning as a substitute. An Irish gentleman had a son who was deemed an idiot. The little fellow, when nine or ten years of age, was fond of drumming, and once dropped his drum-stick into the draw-well. He knew that his carelessness would be punished by its not being searched for, and therefore did not mention his loss; but privately took a large silver punch-ladle, and dropped it into the same place. The butler was blamed, but the draw-well was not thought of. He then got a silver half pint, and tumbled that in after it. The servants were blamed, and in a short time it was forgotten. He at last got a silver salver, and threw that down also. This was a matter to be enquired into, and a very strict enquiry took place. The servants all pleaded ignorance, and looked with suspicion at each other; when the young gentleman, who had thrust himself into the circle, said he had observed something shine at the bottom of the draw-well. A fellow was dropped down in the bucket, and soon bawled out from the bottom, 'I have found the punch-ladle and the salver, and here is the half-pint pot, so wind me up.' 'Stop,' roared out the lad, 'stop, now your hand is in, you may as well bring up my *drum-stick*.'

A fellow who loved laughing better than his meat, put a number of rams' horns into a basket, and went up and down the streets at the west end of the town crying, 'New fruit, new

‘fruit, ho!’ as loud as he could bawl. Lord G——r hearing the noise, put his head out of his drawing-room window, and asked the fellow to show him his fruit; which looking at, he asked him if he was not ashamed to disturb a quiet neighbourhood for nothing, for ‘who the d—I,’ added the peer, ‘who the d—I think ye will buy horns?’ ‘Well, master,’ replied the fellow, ‘do not put yourself in a passion; though you are provided, I may meet with men that are not.’

While Marshal Turenne was in his camp near Lens, where he staid twelve days, he sent the Count de Grandprè, afterwards Marshal de Joyeuse, at the head of some squadrons, to Arras, to escort a convoy that was coming from thence. The young count having an engagement with a lady, let the convoy go away under the command of the major of his regiment. A Spanish party that was marauding, attacked the escort, but was repulsed and defeated by the major, who happily brought the convoy safe to Lens. M. de Turenne was informed of Grandprè’s folly; and, knowing that it would have ruined him at Court, said to the officers who were about him, ‘The Count de Grandprè will be very angry with me for having given him a private commission, which kept him at Arras at a time when he would have had an opportunity of showing his bravery.’ The Count, at his return, being told what his general had said,

ran to his tent, threw himself at his feet, and expressed his gratitude and repentance with tears full of affection. The viscount then spoke to him with a paternal severity; and his reproofs had such an effect on that young officer, that, far from falling again into the same error, he signalized himself by the gallantest actions during the rest of the campaign, and became at length one of the ablest captains of his age.

A husband and wife who quarrelled rather more than man and wife usually do, which the reader will believe was bad enough, were on the eve of separation; when the good lady, affecting to fall sick, told her spouse that she believed she should die, and to put on the best face to the world, thought she had better stay and end her days in their old house, which he, good, easy man, full readily assented to; and very seriously asked her whom she would advise him to marry when she was gone. This was too much. '*Marry the devil,*' replied she in great wrath, '*Marry the devil!*' 'No, my Love,' answered he, 'no, that can never be, the canons of the church prohibit it, I have married his daughter already.'

A clergyman, who wished to know whether the children of his parishioners understood their bibles, asked a lad that he one day found reading the Old Testament who was the wickedest man. 'Moses, to be sure, Sir,' said the boy. 'Moses!' exclaimed the parson, 'Moses! how

‘could that be?’ ‘Why,’ said the lad, ‘he broke all the commandments at once.’

Lord North, who was very much troubled with the gout, one day feeling some symptoms of an approaching fit, ordered his servant to bring him his gouty shoes. The fellow, after looking for them some time in vain, returned and told his master that he believed they were stolen; and, as an addenda to the information, muttered a few hearty curses against the thief. ‘Poh! poh!’ said the good-humoured peer, ‘do not be ill-natured, all the harm I wish the rascal is, that the shoes may *fit him*.’

Six gentlemen subscribed one thousand pounds each, which was to be staked against one thousand pounds laid by an apothecary, that he outlives them all. The knowing ones declare it to be an excellent bet on the part of the apothecary, as he constantly attended five of the gentlemen in his professional capacity.

It is a nice point to determine whether the church or the law has the most influence. The following anecdote may throw some light on the question. At York affizes a barrister met a tinker, and jocosely clapping his hand on the fellow’s shoulder, asked him what news from Hell. ‘A great deal,’ replied the tinker, ‘a wall is just fallen down. ‘Well,’ returned the counsellor, ‘it is to be built up again, I suppose.’ ‘I don’t know,’ laid the other, ‘there is a great dispute about it between the

'pope and the devil.'—'And how,' cried the long-robed gentleman, 'do you think the matter will go?' 'I don't know,' answered the tinker, 'the pope has the most *money*, but the 'devil has the most *lawyers*.'

In some parish churches it was formerly the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short; when a woman, eager for the honour of the sex, arose and said, 'Your 'Reverence, the noise is not among us.'—'So 'much the better,' answered the priest, 'it will 'be over the sooner.'

A certain historian asserts, that Pope Benoit the Twelfth advised Petrarch to propose marriage to Laura; which the poet declined, lest the familiarities of the married state should abate the enthusiasm of his admiration and the ardour of his love. 'Parbleu,' exclaimed a French officer who heard of the observation, 'voila un animal bien delicat.' 'It is,' added he, 'as if a man were to refuse his dinner lest 'it should spoil his appetite.'

When Captain Grose once requested permission to take out of the church at Walton upon Thames a brass plate, in order to make a drawing of it, he received the following grammatical and elegant epistle from the churchwarden:

'Sir, I am sorry I can't be agreeable as to 'what you ax me to do, but by the canonical 'law, nobody must not presume to take nothing

'out of the church. especially the sacred utensils, upon pain of blasphemy. I must therefore refuse the brass monumental tombstone which you desired; but you are welcome to come into the church, and draw it about as much as you please.'

General Coote and his staff were standing in a group one morning, when Hyder pointed a gun at them. The ball struck the ground near Coote. 'You had better move, Sir,' said an officer, 'you are observed.' 'Never mind,' replied the general, 'they could not do that again.'

A woman, who was not a water-drinker, once walking with her husband, remarked, that it either rained or would rain, for she had just got a *drop in her eye*. 'Nay, my Dear,' replied her husband, 'that you got before you left home.'

Louis XI. of France one day observing among the crowd an officer whom he disliked, made a private sign to Tristan l'Henriete, his grand prevot, to put him out of the way. Tristan, well accustomed to the signal, but, fortunately for the officer, mistaking the man alluded to, accosted a well-fed monk, who stood in the same line with the captain, allured him into the palace-yard, thrust him into a sack, and threw him into the Seine. Louis, next day hearing that the proscribed officer had been seen posting towards Flanders, reproached Tristan

with neglect. 'To Flanders!' said the grand prevot, 'your Majesty must be in an error; the monk, fat as he was, is got half way to Rouen by this time. I sent him adrift tied up in a sack.' 'What monk? *Hab! pasque Dieu!*' said the king, with his usual oath, 'you have drowned me the best priest in the kingdom; however, it cannot be helped now, so we will have half a dozen masses said for the repose of his soul: but it was the dog of a captain, not the poor monk, that I meant.'

A few days previous to the battle between the forces of James the Second, and the adherent of the Duke of Monmouth, a gentleman called upon an old Gloucestershire parson, and, after the usual greeting of 'How d'ye do?' and 'Tolerably well, thank you,' asked him what he thought of those eventful times. 'Think,' replied the parson, 'think, why I more than think, I am certain they will be my destruction.' 'Nay, nay, my good Sir, do not be so certain, for the event of the battle is doubtful: the king may probably be victorious.' 'If he be,' said the parson, 'it does me up, for his success will enable him to establish popery by law, and then we must say mass, and I have totally forgot all my Latin: on the other hand, if the duke be the conqueror, we shall be sure to have the presbyterian form of worship, and I could as soon leap over a church-steeple as pray extempore: but if Charles the

‘ Second had lived, I should have done rarely,
 ‘ for I am an old dog at the common prayer.’

Louis XI. when he was a youth, used to visit a peasant whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him, and brought *his little present*, a turnip of an extraordinary size, the produce of his own garden. The king smiled, and remembered the pleasures of his boyish days, and ordered a thousand crowns to the peasant. The man boasted of his present, and it was told to the lord of his village, who reasoned thus: ‘ If
 ‘ this peasant have a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present a fine horse to this
 ‘ magnificent monarch, and my fortune is
 ‘ made.’ As others might hit upon the same idea, he loses no time, but mounts a horse, and leads in his hand a beautiful barb, the pride of his stable. He arrives at Court, and requests the king’s acceptance of *his little present*. Louis highly praised the steed, and the giver’s expectations were raised to the utmost; when the king exclaimed, ‘ Bring me my turnip!’ and added, in presenting it to the seigneur, ‘ Hold,
 ‘ this cost me a thousand crowns, and I give it
 ‘ you for your horse.’

A tradesman whose name was Penny sued a poor customer for a small debt with a rigour for which all who knew him highly blamed him. He recovered the debt; but upon comparing his receipt with his expenditure, found that he

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was just *one penny* out of pocket. This he told to a neighbour, who answered that he need not fret himself, for he had by this business *lost* no more than a *very bad name*. ‘True,’ said a second Job’s comforter, but he has *got the name* of being a *very bad man*.’

Mr. Justice Buller once tried a Portuguese for murdering a sailor in a pitched battle at Wapping; and in his charge to the jury said, that he could not but admire the generosity and heroism of the *English sailor*, who in his last moments spoke highly of his antagonist, and said he had fought him fairly. This charge being published, gave occasion to some one to write the following billet to Judge Buller.

‘Sir, I beg leave to inform your Right Worshipful Worship, that the *English sailor* whom you so highly praised was an *Irishman*; and this I do for the honour of old Ireland, and am your obedient servant,

‘Terence O’Flanagan.’

When Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, once met Lord Chesterfield in the rooms at Bath, they in a *tete a-tete* conversation began to talk of the company present, and the lady was very communicative in her narratives of things said of Lady Caroline, Miss Languishes, &c. &c. and concluded by remarking, ‘yet much of this may be scandal; for, do you know, my Lord, that since I was lately confined to my chamber by illness, they have

‘spread an infamous report of my having been brought to bed of twins.’ ‘O! my dear Lady, do not be uneasy,’ replied the peer, ‘for my part, I have long made it a rule to believe but *half* that the town says.’

In the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos bay, happened to receive undoubted advice of the arrival of the Spanish galleons, under the convoy of seventeen men of war in the harbour of Vigo; and *without any warrant* for so doing, set sail, and came up with Sir George Rooke, who was then admiral and commander in chief in the Mediterranean; and gave him such intelligence as induced him to make the best of his way to Vigo, where all the before-mentioned galleons and men of war were either taken or destroyed.

Sir George was sensible of the importance of the advice, and the successful expedition of the captain; but, after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantages made of it, the admiral ordered Captain Hardy aboard, and, with a stern countenance, said, ‘You have done, Sir, a very important piece of service to the throne, you have added to the honour and riches of your country by your diligence; but don’t you know that you are liable at this instant to be shot for quitting your station.’ ‘He is unworthy of bearing a commission under her Majesty,’ replied the captain, ‘who holds his *life* as aught, when the glory and interest

‘ of his queen and country require him to hazard it.’ On this heroic answer, he was dispatched home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the queen, who instantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear admiral.

In the year 1715, when Dr. Halley’s astronomical scheme, and other astronomical calculations of the great solar eclipse, were the general subjects of conversation, there happened to be at our Court a Mahometan envoy from Tripoli, who, in answer to all that was said concerning it, replied, that God Almighty did not reveal these things to any but true believers, and laughed at all their calculations. It appeared at the precise minute, and the Turk was asked what he thought of it then? ‘ Why, that unquestionably they must have had their intelligence from some faithful Mussulman, for God would never correspond with such a wretched set of unbelievers as the English astronomers.’

Messieurs de St. Agnan and Dangeau had persuaded Louis XIV. that his Majesty could write verses as well as another. Louis made the experiment, and composed a madrigal, which he himself did not think very good. One morning he said to the Marshal Grammont, ‘ Read this, Marshal, and tell me if ever you saw any thing so bad; finding I have lately addicted myself to poetry, they bring me any trash.’ The Marshal, having read, answered, ‘ Your Ma-

‘jesty is an excellent judge in all matters of taste, for I think I never read any thing so stupid or so ridiculous.’ The king laughed and continued, ‘Do not you think he must be a very silly fellow who composed it?’ ‘It is not possible,’ replied Grammont, ‘to call him any thing less.’ ‘I am delighted,’ said the king, to hear you speak your sentiments so frankly, for I wrote it myself.’ Every body present laughed at the marshal’s confusion, and it certainly was as malicious a trick as ever was played to an old courtier.

In the great Dutch war in the reign of Charles II. the English-Dutch fleet and that of Hoiland fought in the Channel for three days successively, engaging in the day and lying-to in the night. But just as they were preparing to renew the action, advice came off that an armistice was concluded upon, and the hostile parties began to exercise mutual civilities. On board a Dutch man of war, which lay along-side an English first-rate, was a sailor so remarkably active, as to run to the mast-head, and stand upright upon the truck, after which he would cut several capers, and conclude with standing upon his head, to the great astonishment and terror of the spectators. On coming down from this exploit, all his countrymen expressed their joy by huzzaing, and thereby signifying their triumph over the English. One of our bold tars, piqued for the honour of his country, ran up to the top like a

THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY PLENTY IN EVERY MAN'S POCKET.

AT this time, when the general complaint is that—'money is scarce,' it will be an act of kindness to inform the moneyless how they may reinforce their pockets. I will acquaint them with the true secret of money-catching—the certain way to fill empty purses—and how to keep them always full. Two simple rules, well observed, will do the business.

First, Let honesty and industry be thy constant companions ; and,

Secondly, Spend one penny less than thy clear gains.

Then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ach : neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, suffer the pain of feeling little when the great of fortune walk at thy right hand : for in-

dependency, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and placeth thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh! then, be wise, and let industry walk with thee in the morning, and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny when all thy expences are enumerated and paid: then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buokler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he has riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand that offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.

PRELIMINARY ADDRESS TO THE PENNSYLVANIA ALMANACK, INTITUL'D
'POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK,' FOR THE
YEAR 1758.

Written by Dr. Franklin.

I HAVE heard, that nothing gives an author so much pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed; for though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author (of almanacks) annually now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way (for what reason I know not) have ever been very sparing in their applauses; and no other author has taken

'ping wears away stones, and by diligence and
'patience, the mouse ate into the cable; and
'light strokes fell great oaks,' as poor Richard
says in his almanack, the year I cannot just now
remember.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a
'man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee,
my Friend, what poor Richard says: 'Employ
'thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure;
'and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw
'not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing
something useful; this leisure the diligent man
will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as
poor Richard says, 'A life of leisure and a life
'of laziness are two things.' Do you imagine
that sloth will afford you more comfort than la-
bour? No; for, as poor Richard says, 'Trou-
'bles spring from idleness, and grievous toil
'from needless ease: Many without labour
'would live from their own wits only, but they
'break for want of stock.' Whereas industry
gives comfort; and plenty, and respect. 'Fly
'pleasures, and they'll follow you; the diligent
'spinner has a large shift; and, now I have a
'sheep and a cow, every body bids me good
'morrow;' all which is well said by poor Ri-
chard.

"But with our industry we must likewise be
steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own
affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too
much to others; for, as poor Richard says,

‘ I never saw an oft-removed tree,
 ‘ Nor yet an oft-removed family,
 ‘ That throve so well as those that settled be.’

And again, ‘ Three removes are as bad as a
 ‘ fire;’ and again, ‘ Keep thy shop, and thy
 ‘ shop will keep thee;’ and again, ‘ If you
 ‘ would have your business done, go; if not,
 ‘ send;’ and again,

‘ He that by the plough would thrive,
 ‘ Himself must either hold or drive;’

and again, ‘ The eye of a master will do more
 ‘ work than both his hands;’ and again, ‘ Want
 ‘ of care does us more damage than want of
 ‘ knowledge;’ and again, ‘ Not to oversee
 ‘ workmen, is to leave them your purse open.’
 Trusting too much to others’ care, is the ruin
 of many; for, as the almanack says, ‘ In the
 ‘ affairs of the world, men are saved not by
 ‘ faith, but by the want of it;’ but a man’s
 own care is profitable; for, faith poor Dick,
 ‘ Learning is to the studious, and riches to the
 ‘ careful, as well as power to the bold, and
 ‘ Heaven to the virtuous;’ and farther, ‘ If
 ‘ you would have a faithful servant, and one
 ‘ that you like, serve yourself;’ and again, he
 adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the
 smallest matters, because, sometimes, ‘ A little
 ‘ neglect may breed great mischief;’ adding,
 ‘ For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want
 ‘ of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a
 ‘ horse the rider was lost;’ being overtaken and

slain by the enemy, all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail.

“ So much for industry, my Friends, and attention to one’s own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. ‘ A fat kitchen makes ‘ a lean will,’ as poor Richard says; and,

‘ Many estates are spent in the getting;

‘ Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,

‘ And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.’

‘ If you would be wealthy, (says he, in another ‘ almanack) think of saving, as well as of getting: The Indies have not made Spain rich, ‘ because her outgoes are greater than her income.’

“ Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for, as poor Dick says,

‘ Women and wine, game and deceit,

‘ Make the wealth small, and the want great;’

and farther, ‘ What maintains one vice would ‘ bring up two children.’ You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little

finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember what poor Richard says, 'Many a little makes a mickle;' and farther, 'Beware of little expences, a small leak will sink a great ship;' and again, 'Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;' and, moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and nicknacks. You call them *goods*, but if you do not take care they will turn out *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what poor Richard says, 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities;' and again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths;' again poor Richard says, 'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the almanack. 'Wise men (as poor Dick says) learn by others' harms, fools scarcely by their own; but *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*' Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a

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hungry belly, and half starved their families :
 ' Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, (as poor
 ' Richard says) put out the kitchen fire.' These
 are not the necessaries of life ; they can scarcely
 be called the conveniencies, and yet, only be-
 cause they look pretty, how many want to have
 them ? The artificial wants of mankind thus
 become more numerous than the natural ; and,
 as poor Dick says, ' For one poor person, there
 ' are a hundred indigent.' By these, and other
 extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to po-
 verty, and forced to borrow of those whom they
 formerly despised, but who, through industry
 and frugality, have maintained their standing ;
 in which case it appears plainly, ' A ploughman
 ' on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his
 ' knees,' as poor Richard says. Perhaps they
 have had a small estate left them, which they
 knew not the getting off ; they think ' It is day,
 ' and will never be night ;' that a little to be
 spent out of so much is not worth minding :
 A child and a fool (as poor Richard says) ima-
 gine twenty shillings and twenty years can ne-
 ver be spent ; but always be taking out of the
 meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes
 to the bottom ;' and then, as poor Dick says,
 ' When the well is dry, they know the worth of
 ' water.' But this they might have known be-
 fore, if they had taken his advice : ' If you
 ' would know the value of money, go and try
 to borrow some ; for he that goes a borrowing
 goes a sorrowing ; and indeed, so he does that

' lends to such people, when he goes to get it in
' again.' Poor Dick farther advises and says,

' Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse :

' Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse ;'

and again, ' Pride is as loud a beggar as Want,
' and a great deal more saucy.' When you have
bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more,
that your appearance may be all of a piece ; but
poor Dick says, ' it is easier to suppress the first
' desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.' And
it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as
for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

' Vessels large may venture more,

' But little boats should keep near shore,'

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished, for ' Pride
' that dines on vanity, sups on contempt,' as
poor Richard says ; and, in another place, ' Pride
' breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty
' and supped with Infamy :' and, after all, of
what use is this pride of appearance, for which
so much is risked, so much is suffered ? It can
not promote health, or ease pain ; it makes no
increase of merit in the person ; it creates envy
it hastens misfortune.

' What is a butterfly ? at best

' He's but a catterpillar dress ;

' The gaudy fop's his picture just,'

as poor Richard says.

But what madness must it be to run in debt
for these superfluities ! We are offered by the

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terms of this sale six months' credit; and that,
 perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it,
 because we cannot spare the ready money, and
 hope now to be fine without it. But, ah!
 think what you do when you run in debt, you
 give to another power over your liberty. If you
 cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to
 see your creditor; you will be in fear when you
 speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful,
 sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose
 your veracity, and sink into base downright ly-
 ing; for, as poor Richard says, 'The second
 'vice is lying, the first is running in debt;' and
 again, to the same purpose, 'Lying rides upon
 'debt's back; whereas a free-born Englishman
 ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to speak to
 any man living. But poverty often deprives a
 man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an
 'empty bag to stand upright,' as poor Richard
 truly says. What would you think of that
 prince, or that government, who would issue
 an edict, forbidding you to dress like a gentle-
 man or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment
 or servitude? Would you not say, that you
 were free. have a right to dress as you please,
 and that such an edict would be a breach of your
 privileges, and such a government tyrannical?
 And yet you are about to put yourself under
 that tyranny when you run in debt for such
 dress! Your creditor has authority, at his plea-
 sure, to deprive you of your liberty, by con-
 fining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for

a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment: but 'Creditors (poor Richard tells us) have better memories than debtors;' and, in another place, he says, 'Creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it. Or if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as at his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent (saith poor Richard) who owe money to be paid at Easter.' Then, since, as he says, 'The borrower is a slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor;' disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independency: be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

'For age and want save what you may,
'No morning sun lasts a whole day,'

as poor Richard says. Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expence is constant and certain: and 'It is easier to build two chimnies, than to keep one in fuel,' as poor Richard says. So, 'Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

‘Get what you can, and what you get hold.’
 ‘’Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into
 ‘gold,’

as poor Richard says. And when you have got the philosopher’s stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

“This doctrine, my Friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may be blasted without the blessing of Heaven: and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

“And now, to conclude, ‘Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other,’ and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct,’ as poor Richard says. However, remember this, ‘They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped,’ as poor Richard says; and further, ‘That if you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.’”

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions, and

their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacks, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me, must have tired every one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went a way, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS."

HUMOROUS POETRY.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

THERE liv'd, as fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,

A pleasant wight on town, yclep'd *Tom King*,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teaze and *smoke*,
In short, for strokes of humour, quite the thing

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—

Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck, & blood
Would crowd, his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—

A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might
frown.

If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight;

'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there liv'd the num'rous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,

Known at that time by the name of refugees—
The rod of persecution, from their home,
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well! our two friends were saunt'ring through
the street,

In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rd's the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock)

"I'll ask," says King, "if *Thompson* lodges
here"—

"*Thompson!*" cries t'other, "who the devil is
he?"

"I know not," King replies, "but want to see
"What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time, a little Frenchman came,
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call *culotte*;
An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
Tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous
smil'd,

And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,

Bending his head politely to his knee—

“Pray, fare, vat vant you, dat you come so late;
I beg your pardon, fare, to make you wait;

Pray tell me, fare, vat your commands vid me?”

“Sir,” reply'd King, “I merely thought to know,
As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—

But, really, I disturb your sleep I fear—

I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this street may dwell,

If there's a Mr. *Thompson* lodges here?”

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to
find

The business of this unimportant kind,

Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in geer,

Shrugg'd out a sigh that thus his rest should break,
Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—

“No, fare, no Monsieur *Tonson* lodges here.”

Our wag begg'd pardon, and toward home he
sped,

While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;

But King, resolv'd not thus to drop the jest,

So the next night, with more of whim than grace,

Again he made a visit to the place,

To break once more the poor old Frenchman's
rest.

He knock'd, but waited longer than before;

No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,

Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound ;
 King, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
 Firm on his post determin'd to remain ;
 And oft indeed he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
 Wondering what fiend again disturb'd his sleep;
 The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;
 Thus drawling out to heighten the surprize,
 (While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy
 eyes)

“ Is there—a Mr. *Thompson*—lodges here ? ”

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright—

“ Vy, sare, I m-sure I told you, sare, last night—
 (And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)

No Monsieur *Tonson* in de varld I know,

No Monsieur *Tonson* here—I told you so ;

Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur *Tonson* here ! ”

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
 And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.

The rogue next night pursu'd his old career—

’Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,

And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,

“ Sare, ’pon my soul, no Monsieur *Tonson* here ! ”

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,

And the next night came forth a prattling maid,

Whose tongue indeed than any jack went faster ;

Anxious she strove his errand to enquire,

He said “ ’tis vain her pretty tongue to tire,

He should not stir till he had seen her master.”

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
 The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
 And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
 King told her she must fetch her master down,
 A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
 But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
 And long indeed she was oblig'd to bawl,
 Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay ;
 At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,
 But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
 When King attacks him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in
 vain,

To this tormentor mildly to complain,
 And strait in rage began his crest to rear ;
 " Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so ?
 Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
 Got tam, I swear no Monsieur *Tonson* here !"

True as the night, King went, and heard a
 strife

Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his wife,
 Which would descend to chace the fiend
 away ;

At length, to join their forces they agree,
 And strait impetuously they turn the key,
 Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
 Collected to receive the mighty shock,

Utt'ring the old enquiry, calmly stood—
 The name of *Tbompson* rais'd the storm so high,
 He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
 With, "Well I'll call when you're in gentler
 mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
 Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went,
 So fond of mischief was the wicked wit ;
 They threw out water—for the watch they call,
 But King expecting, still escapes from all—
 Monsieur at last was forced his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
 On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime,
 Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot ;
 At length content, amid his rip'ning store,
 He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
 And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
 And the same night, as former freaks arise,
 He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to
 trace—

"Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said,
 "My poor old Frenchman, I suppose is dead—
 Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
 And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
 Lo ! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal ?
 Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say !
 He took his old abode that very day—

Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel !

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
 Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
 Just in his former trim he now appears;
 The waistcoat and the night cap seem'd the same,
 With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
 And King's detested voice, astonish'd, hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—
 Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
 "Begar! here's Monsieur *Tonson* come again!"
 Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more!"

The RIDER and SANDBOY.

TO give the last polish to youth, 'tis agreed
 That *travel* doth all formal precepts exceed:
 It adds ease and freedom to classic glean'd
 knowledge,
 Rubs off the school rust, and the stiffness of
 college;
 As proof of this system, what men are so *easy*
 As those who for *orders* so fluently tease ye;
 Who ride round the country, and shew far and
 near,
 Their Manchester patterns, or Birmingham ware?
 One day after dinner, as some of these wags
 Were cracking their filberts and praising their
 nags,
 A poor shoeless urchin, half starv'd, and sun-
 tann'd
 Pass'd near th' inn window, crying, "Buy my
 fine sand!"

When *Saddle Bag Sammy*—long fam'd for his fun,
 To banter the dust-cover'd squaller began,
 "What dost cry there, my lad?"—"Why sand,
 fir."—"And prithee

Hast got a large stock? I see none of it with
 thee."

"Oh—I leaves sand and Neddy about the town's
 borders,

And am just going round, fir, to look out for
 orders."

The PILGRIMS and the PEAS.

A BRACE of sinners for no good,

Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
 Who at Loretto, dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
 And in a fair white wig, look'd wond'rous
 fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel
 With something in their shoes much worse than
gravel;

In short, their toes so gentle, to *amuse*,
 The Priest had order'd peas into their shoes:

A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times
 For purifying souls that stunk of crimes.

A sort of apostolic salt,
 That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
 For keeping souls of sinners *sweet*,
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*:

The knaves set off on the same day,
 Peas in their shoes, to go and pray:

But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot :
 One of the sinners gallop'd on,
 Light as a bullet from a gun ;
 The other limp'd, as if he had been *shot*.

One saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—
 Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever ;
 Then home again he nimbly hied,
 Made fit, with saints above, to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,
 He met his brother rogue about half way—
 Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bending
 knees,

Damning the souls and bodies of the peas :
 His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
 Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd pil-
 grim broke—

"You lazy lubber !

"Ods curse it," cried the other, "'tis no *joke*—
 My feet, once hard as any rock,
 Are now as soft as *blubber*.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
 As for Loretto, I shall not get there ;
 No! to the dev'l my sinful soul must go,
 For damme if I ha'nt lost ev'ry toe.

"But, brother sinner, do explain
 How 'tis that you are not in pain :
 What Pow'r have work'd a wonder for *your*
 toes.

Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
 Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
 Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,
 Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn
 ye ?"

"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must
know,
 That just before I ventur'd on my journey,
 To walk a little more at ease,
 I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

' The JEWESS and her SON.

POOR mistress Levi had a luckless son,
 Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
 In imitation of th' ambitious great,
 High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
 He fell all plump into the pit,
 Dead in a minute as a nit :

In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck ;
 Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck !

The mother was distracted, raving, wild—
 Shriek'd tore her hair, embrac'd and kiss'd her
 child—

Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around :
 Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
 And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
 She cast about her eyes in thought profound :
 And being with a saving knowledge bless'd,
 She thus the playhouse manager address'd :

" Sher, I'm de moder of de poor ~~Chew~~ lad,
 Dat meet mishfartin here so bad—
 Sher, I mufs haf de shilling back, you know,
 Afs Moses haf not see the show."

The BARBER and CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

YOUNG NICK within a barber's shop

A chimney had been sweeping,
 And having done his swarthy job,
 Again was downward creeping.

While tying up his bag of foot,
 A waggish shaving blade
 Exclaim'd, " May I presume to ask,
 What was your father's trade ?"

" What trade ?" quoth Sweep, " why to my
 shame

And chagrin be it spoken,
 My father was a *Barber*, fir!
 How cursedly provoking !

" I might have been a barber too,
 And his own sphere have play'd in,
 But did not like, to say the truth.
 A business so degrading."

The IRISH FISHERMAN.

AN Irishman angling one day up the Liffy,
 Which runs down by Dublin's sweet city, so
 fine;

Whilst I, in wet of rain falling, Pat, in a giffy,
 Crept under the arch of a bridge with his line.
 "Why that's not the way to accomplish your
 wishes,"

Cries Dermot, "the devil a bite will you get ;"
 "Och, brother," says Pat, "don't you know
 that the fishes

Will flock under here to keep out of the wet ?"

PATIENCE.

'T WAS at some country place, a parson preach-
 ing,

The virtue of long sufferance was teaching :

And so pathetically did exhort

His list'ning congregation, and in short

Discours'd so much of Job, and how he bore

With such exceeding pleasantry his woes,

Faith 'twas enough to make a man suppose
 Job with'd for more.

Meaning, perhaps, that since 'tis plain,

How needlessly we grieve at pain ;

How would it be if man

Pursu'd a diff'rent plan,

And were to laugh and treat the matter lightly ;

And not, when tortur'd with the gout,

To make wry faces, roar, and shout,

But look agreeable and sprightly.

"And pray, d'ye think, my dearest life,"

Exclaim'd the parson's wife,

As after church they sat,

In courteous chat,

shew lad,

"That 'tis in human nature to endure
 The sad extremity of woe,
 That Job, you say, did undergo?
 'Tis more than you or I could do, I'm sure."

"My dear," quoth he, "this diffidence,
 Shews, let me tell you, great good sense,
 A talent in your sex we seldom see;
 And doubtless the remark is true,
 As far as it extends to you,
 Tho' not, I think, to me.

No woman since the world began,
 Could bear misfortune like a *man*—
 And in good truth, 'twixt you and me,
 And that without much vanity,
 I do conceive that I myself have shewn
 That patience and that strength of mind
 Were not entirely confin'd
 To Job alone."

Thus said the modest priest, and would have said
 much more,
 But for the sudden opening of the door,
 When out of breath, in stumps
 His clownish servant "Numps,"
 His mouth wide open, on the parson gazing—
 Just like the wight,
 Who drew old Priam's curtains in the night,
 To tell him Troy was blazing.

"Well, Numps, the matter? speak! why look'st
 so pale!
 Has any thing gone wrong?" Quoth Numps,
 "The ale."

"What!" cries the priest, "the ale gone sour?"
(And then his phiz began to lower);

"Turn'd sour? no, measter, no," reply'd the fellow;

"But just now, as I went, d'ye see,
To tilt the cask—away rolled he,
And all the liquor's spilt about the cellar."

The fact was, Numps a cask of ale had stav'd.
Now, prythee, tell me, how the priest behav'd?

Did he pull off his wig, or tear his hair?
Or like that silly fellow Job,
Throw ashes on his head, or rend his robe?

Say, how did he this dire misfortune bear?
And thus, in voice of pious resignation,
He to this man address'd this *mild* oration:

"May God confound thee, thou d—n'd stupid
bear;
(The best of priests, you know, will sometimes
swear)

What, you must meddle, must ye
With the barrel, and be curst t'ye?
I wish thy paws were in the fire—Odd rot'm—
Get thee down stairs, this instant, wretch,
Or by the living G—d, I'll kick thy breech
From top to bottom."

"Nay, now, my dearest," cried the dame,
"Is this your patience?—Fie for shame!
I beg you'll recollect your text,
Job was not half so vext.
When he'd his sons and daughters to bewail."

"D—n all his sons and daughters if you choose,
Answer me this, I say—did Job e'er lose
A barrel of such ale?"

A RAZOR-SELLER and COUNTRY BUMKIN.

A FELLOW in a market-town
Most musical cry'd razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his
nose,

With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers said,

"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,

Provided that the razors *shave*;

It certainly will be a monstrous prize."

So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart, and soul content,

And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,

Hodge now began with grinning face to grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze.

'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—

All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd;
 "I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chace his beard, and bring the graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and
 swore:

Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and
 made wry faces,

And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle form'd of *opposition* stuff,
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;

So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:

Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
 On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

"Razor's!—a damn'd confounded dog—
 Not fit to scrape a hog."

Hodge sought the fellow--found him, and begun--

"Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun

That people flay themselves out of their lives:

You rascal, for an hour have I been grubing,

Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing

With razor's just like oyster-knives.

"Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,

To cry up razors that can't *shave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a
 knave:

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my soul, I never thought

That they would *shave*."

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with
wond'ring eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;

"What were they made for then, you dog?" he
cries—

"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile,
"to sell."

A WISH.

MINE be a cot, beside the hill;

A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;

A willow brook, that turns a mill,

With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,

Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;

Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,

And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring

Each fragrant flow'r that drinks the dew;

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,

In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,

Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,

Where merry peals shall swell the breeze,

And point with taper spire to heav'n.

Toasts and Sentiments.

MAY lovers' vows never end in lovers' quarrels.
The gift of the Gods—a virtuous wife, a steady
friend, and sound claret.

May the lovers of the fair sex never want means
to support and protect them.

A speedy export to all the enemies of England
without a draw-back.

The blessings of a reign of peace, and the glories
of a golden age.

The first tribute due to friendship—gratitude.

May our injuries be written in sand, and our
friendships in marble.

Honour's best employment—the protection of
innocence.

Friendship in a palace, and falsehood in a dun-
geon.

May reason be our pilot, when passion blows
the gale.

May the poor merit esteem, and the rich vene-
ration.

A generous heart, and a miser's fortune.

The hand that gives, and the heart that forgives.

The union of hearts in the union of hands.

Poverty without meanness, and riches without
pride.

May our endeavours to please, be crowned with
success.

John Raw, Printer, Ipswich.

Lansing

My dear

Enclosed find full an. for
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